

AUGUST 22 1971

**OXFAM NEEDS MONEY**  
to give a pinta a day to 1,350 Mexican children  
Donations to: OXFAM, Room 161, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford.

# PART 2 FOR HIRE: AN UNDERGRADUATE SPY

*Today I would have scruples about the purpose I served, but at that age I was ready to be a mercenary in any cause so long as I was repaid with excitement and a little risk'*



Continuing  
**GRAHAM  
GREENE'S**  
autobiography  
*'A Sort of Life'*\*

Now I LOOK BACK THERE is something a little bizarre out my Oxford days. They certainly do not recall those of my man or the early pages of *Ideshead Revisited*; perhaps they're closer to Maclean's and Kim Ilby's at Cambridge . . .

A small affair of what might have come espionage began innocently enough in early 1924. I had read a book of short stories by Geoffrey Moss called *Defeat* about the occupied zones of Germany. Moss described the attempt of the French authorities in their zone to establish a separatist Palatine public between the Moselle and Rhine. German criminals had been brought from Marseilles to other ports—pimps, brothel-keepers, thieves from French sons—to support the collaboration. Even one of the ministers had served a prison sentence. French troops held the crowds back while armed German police were often unconscious. Only the opposition of the British and American governments put an end to what was known as the Revolver Republic; but it was believed in Germany at that moment the "spontaneous" outbreak would be avoided.

was easily aroused to indignation by cruelties not my own, and idea of experiencing a little danger made me write to the German Embassy in Carlton Gardens and offer my services as a propagandist. The Oxford Outlook at my disposal, for I was the son, and to the Oxford Chronicle, my paper. I was a regular contributor if only of the five-shilling poems.

had not expected the promptness of the German response. Coming back one evening to my room in Balliol I found my armchair occupied, my only bottle of whisky almost finished, and a fat and strong who rose and introduced himself, "Count von Bernstorff." He was the first secretary of the German Embassy, a man who loved luxury and boys and who owned a shady club called the Ressina in Archer Street, Soho, one could have foretold that men in those folds of flesh was who was to run a Jewish spy-route from Germany to Switzerland during the last war and be buried in Dachau.

days after that seemed to be by Germans—there was a pretty Countess von Bernstorff, the diplomat's cousin, who a scented glove behind in my mind to be added to my adolescent collection of inanimate objects, a

\* To be published by The Bodley Head on September 16 at £1.50.

I asked Claud Cockburn to come with me; we were to be joined in Germany by my cousin Tooter, for neither Claud nor I could speak German. We went inexpensively by the Hook, and as we were laughing with pleasure in the railway compartment to Harwich at the thought of our free holiday and the cooing nature of German diplomats, there slid in beside us thin, narrow Captain P. with his duel-scarred face. Our laughter broke abruptly off and we tried to appear the serious observers we were meant to be.

Our holiday was uneventful, in spite of the stack of introductions which waited for us in the Cologne hotel. There we met a man called Waldenhein who was the political organiser in the German Volkspartei, and an industrial magnate, Doctor Hennings, who owned a great dye factory outside Cologne and gave us a gargantuan feast in Leverkusen, while he talked glibly of Germany's starvation.

After Cologne we went to Essen and lodged in simple luxury at Krupp's private hotel. In the Ruhr, newly occupied by French troops, "there was a delightful sensation of being hated by everybody," I wrote to my mother. "No tourist could be expected in the Ruhr, and I suppose all foreigners are taken for French officials. In the evening we went to a cabaret where we were even more unwelcome, and a rather fat, naked woman did a symbolic dance of Germany in chains, ending up of course by breaking her fetters." I can remember still the menace of Essen where most of the factory workers were on strike: the badly lit streets, the brooding groups. We flirted with fear and began to plan a thriller together rather in Buchan's manner.

At Bonn, then a small provincial university town, we stayed for half-a-crown a day in a little guesthouse built in 1649. On the riverside at night, encouraged by the atrocious stories we had heard in Cologne, we followed innocent Senegalese soldiers in the hope of seeing a rape, which never occurred.

At Trier on the Moselle, which had been the centre of the Separatist movement, Spahis in turbans and long cloaks lounged under the Roman gateway, but there were no incidents to excite us. A local editor told us that every letter which left Trier was censored by the French authorities, so I wrote a letter to myself, addressed to "The Editor of the Oxford Outlook," recounting imaginary atrocities by the French and mentioning the day and hour of the train we were to take out of the zone. But there were no soldiers to arrest us on the platform and the letter arrived safely in England unopened—a useful lesson in checking one's information.

My father took the affair very seriously. He told me how Lord Haldane's career had been wrecked by his too great friendship for the Germans, and he offered to pay for my holiday himself. I knew that he could ill afford his generosity and I refused the offer. After all, I argued, I was not going to follow the same career as Lord Haldane and was unlikely to attain his eminence.

Only in Heidelberg, outside the occupied zone, did our introductions provide us with an interesting encounter. There in the bureau of what was called respectfully the Society for the Relief of Exiles from the Palatinate we met a kindly middle-aged man in plump trousers called Doctor Eberlein, who frankly explained to us the real purpose of his society. He was a kidnapper. He recruited young men to drive fast cars across the frontier into the French zone where they seized mayors and officials who were collaborating with the French authorities, and bundled them back into Germany to be "tried" for high treason.

In those days, when Hitler was still unknown to us, Doctor Eberlein's adventurous story appealed to me and gave me an idea for the future. When I returned home I wrote to Count Bernstorff suggesting that there might be difficulties in transmitting funds to the secret nationalist organisations in the occupied zone. An Oxford undergraduate would hardly be suspected as a courier.

After some delay Bernstorff replied. He wrote that at present they had no difficulty in transmitting funds, but he had been asked by his "friends" in Berlin whether I would be prepared to return to the French zone, get in touch with the Separatist leaders and try to obtain some information about their plans for the future.

I finished reading the letter with excitement and a measure of pride, for I was being promoted from propaganda to espionage. It was a heady thought for a boy of nineteen, and I am amazed now, in these more security-conscious days, at what both of us had so rashly put upon paper.

Today, I would have scruples about the purpose I served, but at that age I was ready to be a mercenary in any cause so long as I was repaid with excitement and a little risk. I suppose too that every novelist has something in



The young Greene planned espionage with Count von Bernstorff (right), a lover of luxury who died in Dachau

common with a spy; who claimed a nobler and longer descent than the Hobenzoileers, and a mysterious wizened narrow figure with a scarred face, Captain P., whose full name I have now forgotten. Captain P. would turn up at irregular intervals, like someone who looks in at a kitchen door to see if the kettle is boiling. Now that I have worked in the Secret Service myself, I feel I should have smelt him out immediately as an intelligence officer.

The day arrived when I called at Carlton Gardens and Count Bernstorff handed me a packet and told me to burn the envelope—which, of course, I kept for some years as a souvenir. Inside were twenty-five pound notes—more than sufficient in those days for a fortnight's holiday down the Rhine and the Moselle.

My father took the affair very seriously. He told me how Lord Haldane's career had been wrecked by his too great friendship for the Germans, and he offered to pay for my holiday himself. I knew that he could ill afford his generosity and I refused the offer. After all, I argued, I was not going to follow the same career as Lord Haldane and was unlikely to attain his eminence.

Only in Heidelberg, outside the occupied zone, did our introductions provide us with an interesting encounter. There in the bureau of what was called respectfully the Society for the Relief of Exiles from the Palatinate we met a kindly middle-aged man in plump trousers called Doctor Eberlein, who frankly explained to us the real purpose of his society. He was a kidnapper. He recruited young men to drive fast cars across the frontier into the French zone where they seized mayors and officials who were collaborating with the French authorities, and bundled them back into Germany to be "tried" for high treason.

In those days, when Hitler was still unknown to us, Doctor Eberlein's adventurous story appealed to me and gave me an idea for the future. When I returned home I wrote to Count Bernstorff suggesting that there might be difficulties in transmitting funds to the secret nationalist organisations in the occupied zone. An Oxford undergraduate would hardly be suspected as a courier.

After some delay Bernstorff replied. He wrote that at present they had no difficulty in transmitting funds, but he had been asked by his "friends" in Berlin whether I would be prepared to return to the French zone, get in touch with the Separatist leaders and try to obtain some information about their plans for the future.

I finished reading the letter with excitement and a measure of pride, for I was being promoted from propaganda to espionage. It was a heady thought for a boy of nineteen, and I am amazed now, in these more security-conscious days, at what both of us had so rashly put upon paper.

Today, I would have scruples about the purpose I served, but at that age I was ready to be a mercenary in any cause so long as I was repaid with excitement and a little risk. I suppose too that every novelist has something in

with my services, for the life of the double agent is a precarious one.

THE LAST TERM BEFORE I TOOK Finals was filled with frustrated efforts to decide the future. I passed my viva for the Consular Service, having an idea of following in the footsteps of James Elroy Flecker in the Levant, although in the end I never sat for the examination, for it would have entailed many months of being coached in French. I had at the time a great admiration for some of Flecker's poems and I pictured myself in a caravanserai on the Golden Road to Samarkand or sitting beside a clicking jalouse, full of self pity and nostalgia, a Middle Eastern seaport.

More and more the wind-vane of my inclination swung in the direction of the East. I applied here, I applied there. For example, there was an interview with the Asiatic Petroleum Company. Here I had been helped by my uncle, who was head of the Brazilian Warrant Agency, to be bad spoken on my behalf to a director.

Unfortunately I found my interviewer knew all about a book of verse I had published at Oxford and he regarded this tendency of mine with deep suspicion. No one, be said, who worked with the Asiatic Petroleum Company could have outside interests.

I tried hard to persuade him that my small book had been an aberration of adolescence: now that I was mature I had outgrown literature and my only ambition was to make a success in business. When I saw that nothing was of any avail I suggested to my mother that there might be an opening in the company for my eldest brother Herbert to whom unemployment was like a recurring flu—at least he hadn't put himself out of court by publishing a book. (Years later he did publish one of dubious authenticity called *Secret Agent in Spain*—almost a family title.)

I had been play-acting to the director, but there was some truth in my desire to cut away from the past. I knew I could never be a good poet, I associated even the act of composition with unhappy love, and my first novel which I had written while at Oxford had never found a publisher.

I was ready to wear any mask to escape from myself, and so now I flirted with the plain gathering of fact and rumour and with its transmission to a single source: the idea of being a double agent had occurred to me. I would be certain, I thought, to learn something of my employer's interests: even the questions I had to answer would have value for the French authorities, and the honest pity which I had formerly felt for defeated Germany had died a quick death after the gourmandising in Leverkusen and the lies of the editor in Trier.

Captain Harris offered me, as soon as I should go down, a job at £350 a year plus commissions,

which might easily, so said the optimistic captain, amount to another £300, but I had my doubts.

I think I must have made contact with the captain and his girl when I offered to readers of the Oxford Outlook a free insurance against failure in examinations. They had only to fill in the coupon on page 37 and in case of failure they would receive a free champagne dinner for two at one of the Oxford restaurants. I suppose Captain Harris insured me against my risks. "Of course, the chief attraction of the dinner," I wrote home, "will be its mixed character, and as stupid females have the reputation of being the prettiest, this ought not to be negligible."

I never joined the Lancashire

General Insurance Agency: instead I found myself for two weeks an employee of the British-American Tobacco Company, destined for China in two months time.

From the first I was daunted by the great concrete slab beside the Thames, with the uniformed porter like an officer of some foreign country demanding credentials: in the lift several middle-aged men were carrying files carefully like babies.

The director who interviewed me (his name, I think, was Archibald Rose) had the appearance of a senior army officer, perhaps a brigadier, in plain clothes. He was correctly dressed in dark capitalist uniform, with a well-tied bow tie, a well-groomed moustache; he had the politeness of a man speaking to his equal in age and position. He would have made a good Intelligence officer, and I have little doubt now that he belonged, however distantly, to the Secret Service. A man in his position, recruiting and controlling men for the Chinese hinterland, could hardly have escaped contact with the "old firm," and perhaps for that reason he was not scrupulously accurate about the details of the employment. The end justified the means.

"I want university men," he said in remarkable contrast to the director of Asiatic Petroleum, "because they have other interests. They can stand loneliness." It was the best chosen fly could have attached to his hook. After one year, he said, spent in the treaty port of Shanghai, I would be appointed to some station in the interior with one other companion. The starting salary would be 450 pounds a year.

I discovered soon after joining the firm that both these facts were inaccurate. I would have to spend at least three years in the Shanghai office and maybe longer, and the salary was 360 pounds. What was more important to me, because of my interest in a girl at Oxford, I should not be allowed to marry for the first four years after my appointment and only then with the permission of the directors. If I threw up the job before the end of my first year, I would not only have to pay my return fare, I would have to reimburse the company for my passage out.

I went to work—if you can call it that—almost at once. I was shown into a large office like a classroom where there were rows of desks. I felt as though I were back in the Junior School—to make the resemblance even closer the new boys, some half-a-dozen of them, were all placed at the front of the class.

There was absolutely no work for any of us to do. Far from being new boys who had to be bullied into learning, it seemed that we were favoured pupils who must be kept happy. We belonged to a privileged class because we were destined for China, though sometimes I felt we more closely resembled pampered prisoners who must not know the fate to which we were being led.

They gave us to read, to help

continued on next page



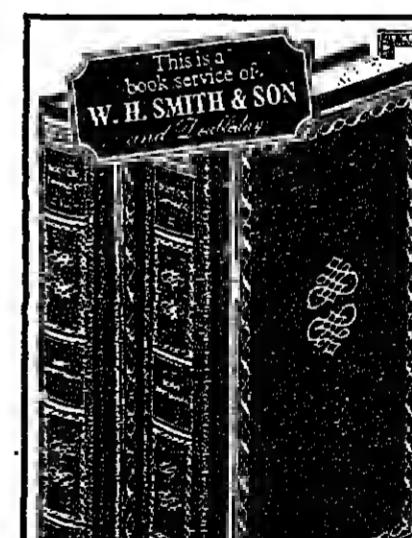
## THE MIAMI NON-STOP DAILY

It leaves London at 10.40 am. and arrives at 2.55 pm. (local time)

For a nominal charge we'll entertain you with films and music on the way.

Ask your travel agent to book you on the Miami Non-stop Daily.

**BOAC**  
takes good care of you.



Accept this magnificent 2-volume collector's edition of  
**DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**  
**FREE!**



when you take Hardy's classic  
*Far from the Madding Crowd* (for only £1.30)  
as your introduction to the

Library of 20th Century Classics

Just imagine a shelf of these magnificent books in your home. Picture the rich gleam of their fine bindings. Read out the great names that glitter in gold lettering on their spines . . . Hardy, Steinbeck, D.H. Lawrence, Wells, Galsworthy, Orwell, Conrad, Pasternak and many more. And then just think that a library of this quality will cost you less each month than the price of a theatre ticket.

A library as large or as small as you like may indeed be created by W.H. Smith & Son and Dobbies of New York. They offer it to you now without you in any kind of commitment to buy any more books than you want. In fact, all you have to do is start your library by accepting our introductory offer of Doctor Zhivago FREE when you buy Far from the Madding Crowd for only £1.30 (plus a postage and packing charge). From then on, both volumes of Doctor Zhivago will be mine entirely FREE and I will pay £1.30 for Far from the Madding Crowd (plus 25p postage and packing) to receive each month a matching volume of 20th Century Classics at the low subscriber's price of £1.30 (plus 15p postage and packing) until I decide my collection is complete.

First, look at the books—no obligation. Each book in this fine collection is an acknowledged masterpiece. And the standard of production matches the writing, but it's only by browsing through the books themselves that you can appreciate

**NO COMMITMENT**  
You may take as many or as few as you wish. Just examine the introductory volume. Then you can accept or reject further books. And should you ever have any genuine cause for complaint write direct to W.H. Smith & Son, P.O. Box (Swindon, Wiltshire).

BLOCK LETTERS

Address:

STB

Overseas rates for details. Valid only in Great Britain.

# GRAHAM GREENE

*continued from preceding page*  
pass the slow office hours, big file ledgers and in the pages of insignificant accounts an entry would sometimes stand sharply out: "For burial of coolie found dead on office steps Radio for son of General Chiang Kai-shek on his twenty-first birthday..."

The next week we were to go to the Liverpool factory for a month and watch from eight in the morning till seven at night the way cigarettes were made. Some of the older men were knowledgeable about the foreign substances which were added to the tobacco. There was no practical point so far as I could see in our stint at the factory, for we were to be concerned in all our working future in marketing cigarettes not making them.

I went to see Archibald Rose and told him of my uncertainties. He was a little impatient. After all I was being paid five pounds a week for doing nothing at all. It was time I made up my mind, one way or another. (I nearly offered my brother Herbert in my place.) Then I went back to my lodgings in Chelsea and tried to go on with my second novel—I had abandoned all hope for the first.

Conrad was the influence now, and in particular the most dangerous of all his books, *The Arrow of Gold*, written when he had himself fallen under the tutelage of Henry James. I have long forgotten the details of my plot. The setting was nineteenth-century London when Carlist refugees lived around Leicester Square. A young Englishman became involved in their conspiracy. There was a girl, of course, as romantic and ill-defined as Donna Rita.

The book was a greater struggle to write than the first had been, for I had now much less hope. How could I abandon the chance of being a businessman, when it seemed my only escape from the hated obsession of trying to make imaginary characters live? I went to Oxford for a weekend to confide my fears, became engaged to be married, and sent a telegram to Archibald Rose telling him that I was not returning to the office. I was ashamed of my cowardice, but I couldn't bring myself to face him; I had taken ten pounds of BAT money and ten pounds seemed a lot in those days.

Again I was without a future, for I had no confidence in those 500 words a day on single-lined foolscap. What did I know of Carlist Spain or

of my qualifications... I would hardly be interested in this (he had detached a page with the tips of his fingers), widowed lady living at Asbover, a village in Derbyshire, who required someone to look after her son of eight during the holidays. I would not be asked to live in the house: I would have a room in a private hotel with all my meals, but there was no salary attached.

When I accepted, he looked at me with disappointment and suspicion—there must be something disgracefully wrong in my background.

## *Ether as a holiday from the world*

The position suited me, for I had the evenings free when I could work at my novel. In the private hotel, which was called Amherstville, I plodded on till dinner time, among the Carlist refugees in Leicester Square, but the oppression of boredom soon began to descend. Once on my free day I walked over the hills to Chesterfield and found a dentist. I described to him the symptoms, which I knew well, of an abscess. He tapped a perfectly good tooth with his little mirror and I reacted in the correct way. "Better have it out," he said.

"Yes," I said, "but with either."

A few minutes' unconsciousness was like a holiday from the world. I had lost a good tooth, but the boredom was for the time being dispersed.

The only other distraction lay in the old ladies—a gay crowd who insisted on playing paper games they didn't properly understand after dinner under the direction of an elderly gentleman: "Famous general beginning with the letter B," the sort of thing to which family life had accustomed me.

They were regarded with cynical impatience by the only other young people, a pale slant-faced schoolboy and a girl with bobbed hair who wanted a hotel flirtation. She went with me to the pub where the landlord showed us into a private room, where we sat gingerly on the edge of a table and kissed dryly, then took refuge in a half of bitter and a gin and lime. She offered me a mongrel wire-haired terrier as a souvenir, which was to be sent by rail from Leicester to Berkhampstead and was to prove the bane of my life.

Later the dog played an off-stage part in a play of mine, *The Potting Shed*, and Mr Kenneth Tynan, for reasons which remain mysterious to me, believed that he represented God. At lunch I would have a horror of becoming involved in teaching. It was a profession into which you could so easily slip, as my father had done, by accident. He had intended to be a barrister, had "eaten his dinners" and taken on the job of temporary master only to tide him over a lean period. Had he been afraid of feeling the trap close, as I was now? I wanted nothing permanent, I explained in near panic, to the partners. Was there not, perhaps, some private tutoring job which was available just for the summer?

He opened his file with an air of disappointment: there were certainly good opportunities, he suggested, in the coming school term, for an exhibitioner of Balliol with an honours degree. As for private

tutoring I was too late in applying, such men were needed immediately the schools broke up (he whisked over page after page), there was really nothing he could offer for someone

share a table with the flapper and her fat mother because the manageress thought it would be nice for the young people to get together. The mother was too shy to talk and whined like a frightened horse whenever I spoke to her. The job came slowly and un demandingly to an end. My family returned from the seaside, the mongrel dog, called Paddy, arrived by train in a highly nervous condition from Leicester, and I was back at square one in Berkhampstead.

**THREE MONTHS OF BLANK**  
days went by, and then I arrived one wet night at Nottingham and woke next morning in the unknown city to an equally dark day. This was not like a London smog; the streets were free of vapour, the electric lights shone clearly: the fog lay somewhere out of sight far above the lamps.

When I read Dickens on Victorian London I think of Nottingham in the Twenties. There was an elderly "hoots" still employed at the Black Dog Inn, there were girls suffering from unemployment in the lace trade, who would, so it was said, sleep with you in return for a high tea with muffins, and a haggard blue-haired prostitute, ruined by amateur competition, haunted the corner by W. H. Smith's bookshop.

Trams rattled downhill through the goose-market and on to the blackened castle. Against the rockface leaned the oldest pub in England with all the grades of a social guide: the private bar, the saloon, the ladies', the snug, the public. Little dark cinemas offered matinée seats for fourpence in the stalls.

I had found a town as haunting as Berkhampstead, where years later I would lay the scene of a novel and of a play. Like the bar of the City Hotel in Fleetwood which I was to know years later it was the focal point of failure, a place undisturbed by ambition, a place to be resigned to, a home from home.

I had come to work unpaid on the Nottingham Journal where, unlike the Asiatic Petroleum Company, I found it a positive advantage to have published a volume of verse. The editor of the weekly bookpage, a Methodist minister, was kind to me and sometimes gave me a novel to review. The Journal prided itself on its literary tradition: the paper might be considered vulgar but at least it was bohemian. Sir James Barrie had once been a member of the staff, and there was even a living novelist, Cecil Roberts, who had graduated on the Journal and had a house in the town.

After the first week I found the impossibility seemed even more pronounced a week later when I returned to the Cathedral and met Father Trollope. I was to grow fond of Trollope in the weeks which followed, but at the first sight he was all I detested most in my private image of the Church. A very tall and very fat man with big smooth jowls which looked as though they had never needed a razor, he resembled closely a character in one of those nineteenth-century paintings to be seen in

cheap lodgings for myself and my dog Paddy in a grim grey row with a grim grey name, Ivy House, All Saints Terrace. My landlady was a thin comely widow with a teenaged daughter, and when my future wife, Vivien, visited me for a holiday week-end, the girl let down, a cotton-reel from upstairs and hanged it on my ground-floor window to disturb our loving quiet.

My high tea before work consisted almost invariably of tinned salmon which I shared with Paddy, so that most days he was sick on the floor. On overcast mornings, before going on with my hopeless novel, I would take him for a walk in the nearby park where, when you touched the leaves, they left soot on the fingers. Once I took a lace worker to high tea, but she didn't sleep with me for all that.

Oxford seemed more than six months away and London very far. I had fallen into a pocket out of life and out of time, but I was not unhappy.

**I HAD MET THE GIRL I WAS**  
to marry after finding a note from her at the porter's lodge in Balliol protesting against my inaccuracy in writing, during the course of a film review, of the "worship" Roman Catholics gave to the Virgin Mary, when I should have used the term "hyperdulia." I was interested that anyone took these subtle distinctions of an unbelievable theology seriously, and we became acquainted.

Now it occurred to me, during the long empty mornings, that if I were to marry a Catholic I ought at least to learn the nature and limits of the beliefs she held. It was only fair, since she knew what I believed—in nothing supernatural. Besides, I thought, it would kill the time.

One day I took Paddy for a walk to the sooty neo-Gothic Cathedral—it possessed for me a certain gloomy power because it represented the inconceivable and the incredible. There was a wooden box for enquiries and I dropped into it a note asking for instruction. Then I went back to my high tea of tinned salmon and Paddy was sick again. I had no intention of being received into the Church. For such a thing to happen I would need to be convinced of its truth and that was not even a remote possibility.

The impossibility seemed even more pronounced a week later when I returned to the Cathedral and met Father Trollope. I was to grow fond of Trollope in the weeks which followed, but at the first sight he was all I detested most in my private image of the Church. A very tall and very fat man with big smooth jowls which looked as though they had never needed a razor, he resembled closely a character in one of those nineteenth-century paintings to be seen in

art shops on the wrong side of Piccadilly—monks and cardinals enjoying their Friday abstinence by dismembering enormous lobsters and pouring great goblets of wine.

Poor Trollope, his appearance maligned him. He led a very ascetic life, and one of his worst privations was the rule which, at that period, forbade him to visit the theatre, for he had been an actor in the West End—not a star, but one of those useful reliable actors who are nearly always in demand for secondary roles. There were many plays on his shelves among the theological books—reading them was the nearest he could get to the footlights.

## *A bard defence of dogmatic disbelief*

It was quite a while before I realised that my first impression was totally false and that I was facing the challenge of an inexplicable goodness. I would see Trollope once or twice a week for an hour's instruction, and to my own surprise I came to look forward to these occasions, so that I was disappointed when by reason of his work they were cancelled.

Sometimes the place of instruction was an odd one—we began our lesson, perhaps, with a discussion on the date of the Gospels on the upper deck of a tram swaying out to some Nottingham suburb where he had business to do and concluded it with the significance of Josephus in the pious pitch-pine parlour of a convent.

I had cheated him from the first, not telling him of my motive in receiving instruction or that I was engaged to marry a Roman Catholic. At the beginning I thought that if I disclosed the truth he would consider me too easy game, and later I began to fear that he would distrust the genuineness of my conversion if it so happened that I chose to be received, for after a few weeks of serious argument the "if" was becoming less and less improbable.

Bishop Gore in his great hook on religious belief wrote that his own primary difficulty was to believe in the love of God; my primary difficulty was to believe in a God at all. The date of the Gospels, the historical evidence for the existence of the man Jesus Christ: these were interesting subjects which came nowhere near the core of my disbelief. I didn't disbelieve in Christ—I disbelieved in God. If I were ever to be convinced in even the remote possibility of a supreme, omnipotent and omniscient power I realised that nothing afterwards could seem impossible. It was on the ground of a dogmatic atheism that I fought and fought hard. It was like a fight for personal survival.

The impossibility seemed even more pronounced a week later when I returned to the Cathedral and met Father Trollope. I was to grow fond of Trollope in the weeks which followed, but at the first sight he was all I detested most in my private image of the Church. A very tall and very fat man with big smooth jowls which looked as though they had never needed a razor, he resembled closely a character in one of those nineteenth-century paintings to be seen in

when she was attending the funeral of her father, an old priest who had known her as a child, tried to persuade her to return to the Church. At last—to please him more than for any other reason—she said, "Well then, Father, remind me of the arguments for the existence of God." After a long hesitation he admitted to her, "I knew them once, but I have forgotten them."

I have suffered the same loss of memory. I can only remember that in January, 1926, I became convinced of the probable existence of something we call God, though now I dislike the word with all its anthropomorphic associations and prefer Chardin's Omega Point, and my belief never came by way of those unconvincing philosophical arguments which I derived in a short story called *A Visit to Morin*.

"Oh," it may be said, "a young man is no match for a trained priest," but in fact, at twenty-two, fresh from Oxford and its intellectual exercises, I was more capable of arguing an abstract issue or debating a historical point than I am today. The experience of a long life may possibly increase one's intuition of human character, but the mass of memories and associations which we drag around with us like an overful suitcase on our interminable journey would weary me now at the start with all such arguments as we indulged in then. I cannot be bothered to remember—I accept. With the approach of death I care less and less about religious truth. One hasn't long to wait for revelation or darkness.

Although I was not received till early October 1926, I must have made my decision some weeks before, for I wrote flippantly to my mother in January, in the course of a letter full of other concerns, "I expect you have guessed that I am embracing the Scarlet Woman." The flippancy was fictitious: the fun of the intellectual exercise was over. I had reached the limit of the land and there the sea waited, if I didn't turn back, I was laughing to keep my courage up.

The first General Confession, which precedes conditional baptism and which covers the whole of a man's previous life, is a humiliating ordeal. Later we may become hardened to the formulas of confession and sceptical about ourselves: we may only half intend to keep the promises we make, until continual failure or the circumstances of our private life finally make it impossible to make any promises at all and many of us abandon Confession and Communion to join the Foreign Legion or the Curch and fight for a city of which we are no longer full citizens. But in the first Confession a convert really believes in his own promises.

I carried mine down with like heavy stones into an empty corner of the Cathedral, dark already in the early afternoon and the only witness of my baptism was a woman who had been dusting the chairs. I took the name of Thomas—St. Thomas the Doubter and then went to the Nottingham Office and the foot-ball results.

I remember very clearly the nature of my emotion as I walked away from the Cathedral: there was no joy in it at all, only a sombre apprehension. I had made the first move with a view to my future marriage, but now the last had given way under my feet and I was afraid of where the past would take me.

Even my marriage seemed uncertain to me now. Suppose I discovered in myself what Father Trollope had once discovered, the desire to be a priest... At that moment I was facing the challenge of an inexplicable goodness. I would see Trollope once or twice a week for an hour's instruction, and to my own surprise I came to look forward to these occasions, so that I was disappointed when by reason of his work they were cancelled.

"Oh," it may be said, "a young man is no match for a trained priest," but in fact, at twenty-two, fresh from Oxford and its intellectual exercises, I was more capable of arguing an abstract issue or debating a historical point than I am today. The experience of a long life may possibly increase one's intuition of human character, but the mass of memories and associations which we drag around with us like an overful suitcase on our interminable journey would weary me now at the start with all such arguments as we indulged in then. I cannot be bothered to remember—I accept. With the approach of death I care less and less about religious truth. One hasn't long to wait for revelation or darkness.

Although I was not received till early October 1926, I must have made my decision some weeks before, for I wrote flippantly to my mother in January, in the course of a letter full of other concerns, "I expect you have guessed that I am embracing the Scarlet Woman." The flippancy was fictitious: the fun of the intellectual exercise was over. I had reached the limit of the land and there the sea waited, if I didn't turn back, I was laughing to keep my courage up.

The first General Confession, which precedes conditional baptism and which covers the whole of a man's previous life, is a humiliating ordeal. Later we may become hardened to the formulas of confession and sceptical about ourselves: we may only half intend to keep the promises we make, until continual failure or the circumstances of our private life finally make it impossible to make any promises at all and many of us abandon Confession and Communion to join the Foreign Legion or the Curch and fight for a city of which we are no longer full citizens. But in the first Confession a convert really believes in his own promises.

**NEXT WEEK: First acceptance**

**THE FAR EAST FROM RANKIN KUHN**  
Rankin Kuhn congratulate Brit Overseas Air Charter Ltd. their new fares breakthrough!

**Bangkok £80\***  
**Singapore £85\***  
Leading BOAC Travel Agent

**RANKIN KUHN**  
can accept your booking to the Far East (and Australasia) via VC10's and Boeings—the usual high standard of BOAC air-line service included. Individual group bookings welcome. clubs to join! Let the experts take care of you!

**RANKIN KUHN & CO. LTD.**  
19 QUEEN ST., MAYFAIR,  
LONDON, W.1.  
Tel.: 01-499 4070.

\* Subject to Government approval

**ESCAPE THE SEASON OF MISTS!**  
Keep one step ahead of the weather. Extend your summer into Autumn with a Mediterranean cruise, a leisurely sunshine holiday to Gordon or Spain. Discover Morocco and where all the girls are. Get away from it all. For all details telephone 01-263 0776 or write to:

**GRAYSON TRAVEL LTD.**

Members of the Association of British Travel Agents.

**TENERIFE ROMANTICA**

fly nearly 2,000 miles to the sun in the heart of Europe. Superb sunbathing, superb food, superb service. No swimming pool.

**CANARY ISLAND HOLIDAYS**

Tenerife, 01-571 1111. New Bond Street, London, W.1. Tel.: 01-499 9651.

Events from 11 am daily. Admission: Adults 50/-  
12-16s 25/-.

**Traction Engine Rally, August 28, 29, 30, 31, 1971, Syon Park, Brentford, Middlesex.**

The Giants of Steam from a bygone age gather to fire their mighty muscles. Traction Engines, Tractors, Lorries, Shunters, etc. in all their glory. Fabulous scale models in full working order. Steam operated Roundabout, Musical Organs, Rally and Concours d'Elegance. Events by members of the Historic Commercial Vehicle Club.

Events from 11 am daily. Admission: Adults 50/-  
12-16s 25/-.

**The Gardening Centre Ltd.**

Syon Park, Brentford, Middlesex. 01-560 0881.

Open 10.30-4.30pm.

**GANISM SYSTEM OFFICE FURNITURE**

is changing people's homes and why. Manufactured and available.

**AMONGST EMINENT SPEAKERS**

Sept. 10th: Mr. J. R. D. Green, Chairman, Board of Trade.

Sept. 11th: Mr. G. R. Thompson, Chairman, Board of Trade.

Sept. 12th: Mr. G. R. Thompson, Chairman, Board of Trade.

Sept. 13th: Mr. G. R. Thompson, Chairman, Board of Trade.

Sept. 14th: Mr. G. R. Thompson, Chairman, Board of Trade.

Sept. 15th: Mr. G. R. Thompson, Chairman, Board of Trade.

Sept. 16th: Mr. G. R. Thompson, Chairman, Board of Trade.

Sept. 17th: Mr. G. R. Thompson, Chairman, Board of Trade.

RAYMOND MORTIMER ON PROUSTIANA  
JOHN RUSSELL: THE GARDEN IN KENSINGTON  
BIG WEEK AT THE PROMS



THE SUNDAY TIMES

## The road to the isles

TELEVISION □ MAURICE WIGGIN

book, stronger, on this island, nor its leaping light for your delight discovered here  
so silent be,  
not through the channels of the car  
lay render like a river  
the swaying sound of the sea.

table? Silent? Not a hope. Auden's imperatives, which are at the heart of the lyric in more poems than one, are more or less universally neglected in favour of the swaying sound of Alan Whicker or the even more swaying sound of Johnny Morris discovering delight in this exotic island or the other. And then here is the BBC team discovering the delights of Jersey. No one stands here, or indeed anywhere; no one keeps silence what would become of the programme? The leaping light discovers, in fact, a predictable element of visual delight but also sad element of disenchantment.

The flight to the islands, curiously in full swing, was led by Mr Whicker in the lightweighting, hair oil and horn-rimmed, he wears like armour. It is no good working ourselves into a fit about Mr Whicker just because we have written about him often that we can't think of anything fresh to say and hate him, not ourselves, on that account. There must be no hate-transference.

Armoured indeed, by his singular set of mind, against wonder, seemingly impervious to the grace of humility, and indifferent to the natural creation; eminently he seeks out quirks of human intimacy and idiosyncrasy, a humanist indeed whose peculiar book looks suspiciously like a ledger. No one has a sharper eye for the relationship between prospectus and balance sheet in the assessment of human achievement.

Yet granted all this, granted his criteria are worldly and his definition of success may be disputable, we have to admit that within his terms of reference he is still, as ever, an accomplished, indefatigable and intrepid reporter with a style of his own. You may like the style or not, but it is deliberate and consistent; the pat delivery, paradoxes and puns keyd exactly to the image and the theme, it is as personal and timable as, say, Wodehouse's. You may not wish to inhabit the world of Whicker. You may think it a little too much like a burber turned inside-out—his world and welcome to it. But Arnold Bennett would have been fascinated. Lord Beaverbrook once had found it impressive enough. If Godfrey Vane, in Beaverbrook's repulsive phrase, shook hands with the heart of humanity, Alan Whicker shakes and shudders. Both stand on the sides of the same coin: the result is equally incomplete and grossing.

The difference between the two is like measuring the gap between dream and reality among the escapist expatriates of the British Virgin Isles, and Johnny Morris observing residents and tourists in French-American abattois, is that Whicker does get them talking, while Morris, though laziness or shyness or for some more interesting reason, puts his own words into their mouths.

Mr Morris's newest series, *Polling in the Sun*, at first sight seems to show him as that rangy isolator sort of traveller



With remarkable foresight Jean Cocteau painted this spaceman in 1958; it is a detail from a large fresco combining mythologies from *Icarus in the Sputnik*: "The Conquest of Space" which was unveiled yesterday at Riom, near Vichy, by Valery Giscard d'Estaing, the Minister of Finance. A second canvas called "Tribute to Scholars" shows Newton, Einstein and Copernicus. Cocteau added his own footnote: "Perhaps before long, gravity will be conquered and our own epoch of machinery will become a sort of 1900, when one regrets the celestial puff-puffs and the crooners." The exhibition has been organised by Cocteau's adopted son Edouard Dhermite

• A MUSICIANS UNION decision to continue its ban on British artists working in Greece has forced the London Philharmonic Orchestra to refuse an invitation to the 1972 Athens Festival. Hints that a recent delegate conference of the union would reverse its stand proved groundless. Eric Bravington, the LPO's managing director, says: "It was a great disappointment."

• BILLIE WHITELAW, Denholm Elliott, Ruth Dunning and Michele Dotrice. I hear are soon to form a TV department company known as "The Seven". From April, 1972, they'll be appearing in eight plays by such worthy authors as Dennis Potter, David Halliwell, Julian Mitchell and Stanley Eveling. BBC thinking is that stage actors get a chance to stretch themselves; television tends to typecast. This new BBC2 series will see the sextet in a variety of roles.

• DRAMA CRITIC Keopeth Hurren was writing the other day about this generation's Hamlet, saying that despite the efforts of a long line of young Hamlets, not one of them could claim to have seized the public's imagination. Hurren had a hunch. He thought the man to do that would turn out to be Ronald Pickup of the National Theatre. Some hunch. At that moment the BBC had just wrapped up a recording of Haotip with Pickup as the Prince. Privately, the BBC and the cast are raving a bit about the performance. You can hear Pickup on Radio Three on October 31 with Maxine Audley

NEWS IN THE ARTS  
Kenneth Pearson

(Gertrude), Angela Pleasance (Ophelia), William Squires (Polonius) and Robert Lang as Claudius.

• THE DICE MAN Cometh! 1: New publishing house Talmy and Franklin launch their first book on September 9. It's called "The Dice Man" by American psychiatrist Luke Rinher and concerns the life of a man who lets the throw of the dice determine his actions. Mike Franklin's gamble on the hook has already paid off. Si Litvinoff, producer of the film "Walkabout", has just bought the film rights for \$145,000.

• DRAMA CRITIC Keopeth Hurren was writing the other day about this generation's Hamlet, saying that despite the efforts of a long line of young Hamlets, not one of them could claim to have seized the public's imagination. Hurren had a hunch. He thought the man to do that would turn out to be Ronald Pickup of the National Theatre. Some hunch. At that moment the BBC had just wrapped up a recording of Haotip with Pickup as the Prince. Privately, the BBC and the cast are raving a bit about the performance. You can hear Pickup on Radio Three on October 31 with Maxine Audley

and flutes. They were told not to play a tune. Four cameras shot them. Dead?

• WEST END producer Richard Pilbrow is having talks with Broadway impresario Michael Butler to bring to London the New York hit "Lenny", based on the life of the late comedian Lenny Bruce. If a deal is done, Tom O'Horgan, original director of "Hair" and of "Lenny" in Manhattan, will come to London to stage the show.

• JOAN INGPEN, who left Covent Garden the other day after nine years as Controller of Opera Planning, has just signed a five-year contract to do the same job for the Paris Opera House under the new Rolf Liebermann regime. In the autumn of 1972 Joan Ingpen and Liebermann will be holding nation-wide auditions in France to form a new opera chorus. Then they'll be opening later with "Orpheo", Travatore, Parsifal and Falstaff.

• HIGHSPOTS of the fringe at the Edinburgh Festival opening this week are centred on the Traverse and the Poni theatres. The Traverse is running performances by John Spurling ("In the Heart of the British Museum") and by Mustapha Matura ("As Time Goes By"). The Pool has new plays by Snoo Wilson and Chris Wilkinson, and Dall's Alice-in-Wonderland prints with Lennon music. Frederick Proudfit's Soho Theatre group links the two with "Dynamo" in the third week and an evening of International Smalls (Arrabal, Tardieu etc.) at the Pool.

IT IS a theatre to be proud of that gives us—merely to skim the cream—within a twelve-month or so Mercer's After Haggerty, Wesker's underrated *The Friends*, Greenwood's eternally underrated *Hankey Park*, Mortimer's Voyage Round My Father, Nichols' Forget-Me-Not Lane, Pinter's Old Times and now (at the Royal Court) Osborne's West of Suez. And just to clear the decks, the answer to the question already put to me verbally a hundred times, "What about the new Osborne, then—is it worth seeing?" is a loud and unequivocal Yes.

It cannot be a coincidence that all these fine plays are backward-looking, the present a void, the future (as always) a threat—and the past, for all its narrowness, cruelties, stupidities, absurdities, something to be recalled not only with impatience but with baffled affection, not only in anger but with reluctant respect. It is a measure of all the dramatists concerned that they are able to encompass with abrasive generosity this tragicomical trawl of ambiguities; and Osborne, I believe, has in West of Suez taken a great bound forward.

The advance lies not in any blazing new insight into the human condition, but in the vastly increased resonance with which West of Suez expresses the disappointment at the heart of all Osborne's work—and which he is still rashly inclined to equate with despair, just as he still seems to confuse boredom with acridity. But there is a paradoxical economy in this leisurely play which encompasses all the sorts of anguish he has extra-vagantly lashed before.

A clutch of Whites on a Caribbean island, formerly British, now independent, provides a melancholic microcosm not so much a declining Empire as of Western civilisation. Most of them are members of the family of Wyatt Gillman, an elderly middling sort of writer turned television sage, himself from a military Empire-shoring background, his four daughters, three with husbands, variously involved with science, literature, teaching and half-hope domesticity. Their lives are all empty: so are those of the old man's secretary, of an elderly, dying American engineer, a mincing young hairdresser, an

Etonian best-selling novelist. Each in turn offers some aspect of inertia, resignation, ashamed, reflectively sceptical.

The precarious no-man's-land is threatened by a blundering, amiable, insatiable American in the shape of another American, a young tyro, losing off a stream of four-letter jibes (alongside which—did Osborne ruefully reflect?—Jimmy Porter's tirades in *Look Back in Anger* sound like the measured reprimands of a candid friend), before lapsing into sulky impotence; finally by the Third World, shadowing the whole play in the person of a sullen manservant, carrying a menacing slice out of the second act with the arrival of a beady woman journalist, at last bursting in with animal cries and a spatter of gleeful gunfire.

Within this framework, in a set by John Gunter providing without comment a neat colonial lawn, trim green grass and bright white paint beneath a graceful, fleshily ominous palm tree—Anthony Page has directed a uniformly admirable cast (to whom I apologise for so cursory a reference) through the patterned exchanges of spite and kindness, of bitterness and irony, of instinctive understanding so that they play like a fay girl coaxed out of this world by a skillful orchestra against and around the homely rural state-

ment. Ralph Richardson's towering portrait of spiritual exhaustion.

Osborne himself reminds us, with a passing reference to Trofimov the perpetual student in *The Cherry Orchard* of Chekov; but it is not Chekov direct that West of Suez recalls. Here is Osborne's Heartbreak House (which Shaw called "a comedy in the Russian manner"); and Wyatt Gillman is an inverted Trofimov. Shaw too, over fifty years ago, was concerned to pillarize, with regret, a slow-pulsed, overripe civilisation; but he was still able to set up against it a rampaging old mystic with his eyes on the stars, even though by that time he had almost lost any faith in human nature. Osborne's alchemy leaves us with a man whose potential talents have been wholly exercised in constructing ironical defences; behind them he passes the time in the role-playing of total scepticism.

Sir Ralph's portrait of this

man, a burnt-out case from birth, seems to me a total triumph. The big frame moves with a supple physical impetuosity. But the broad turns like an old stag's, the eyes, waddling and narrowing, are always watchful—and the voice takes on a score of colours just as the phrasing, the pauses, the downright breaks are themselves a miracle of characterisation. False innocence brings in the bint of a whinper, calculated self-reproach a touch of unclue; marvellously controlled, too, the volatile flood of embarrassment with which he greets his fellow-writer; and an absolute kaleidoscope, not without flashes of steel, colours his duel with the woman journalist. If this is the epitome of Western culture in decline, it is a downright dangerously irresistible image.

"I MUST be very unfeeling indeed," says Wyatt Gillman at one point. And "Why is my heart not broken?" muses old Mr Morland, thinking of the long-past loss of his daughter and only child, in Barrie's *Mary Rose* (Yvonne Arnaud, Guildford). One thinks, or at least I thought, of this famous forgotten piece as a whimsically sentimental tale of a fey girl coaxed out of this world by equivocal fairy spirits on a Hebridean island. In fact, it follows them all right, and at Guildford, though hampered like the rest of the cast by lamentable sets and sound effects, Perleita Neilson in Richard Digby Day's production does indeed give a gossamer lightness to the girl, and manages very well those difficult (though no more so than in Shaw) passages of winsome colloquy with trees and so forth.

But there's a good deal more to it than that. The supernatural element still works, and Barrie, too, was concerned to undermine the comfortable with at least nudging reminders of the void, in a group of elderly and middle-aged people as aware as John Osborne's of their incapacity for feeling. Joan Miller, Ronald Magill and Royce Mills give a singular poignancy to this puzzled and naive old man.

Barrie was right, especially writing just after the holocaust of the First World War, to imply the gloss that without such anaesthetising protection, we should be brokenhearted—and much good that would do.

## Death of the heart

THEATRE □ J W LAMBERT

JULIETTE

THE ARTS

THE SUNDAY TIMES

## Death of the heart

THEATRE □ J W LAMBERT

IT IS a theatre to be proud of that gives us—merely to skim the cream—within a twelve-month or so Mercer's After Haggerty, Wesker's underrated *The Friends*, Greenwood's eternally underrated *Hankey Park*, Mortimer's Voyage Round My Father, Nichols' Forget-Me-Not Lane, Pinter's Old Times and now (at the Royal Court) Osborne's West of Suez. And just to clear the decks, the answer to the question already put to me verbally a hundred times, "What about the new Osborne, then—is it worth seeing?" is a loud and unequivocal Yes.

It cannot be a coincidence that all these fine plays are backward-looking, the present a void, the future (as always) a threat—and the past, for all its narrowness, cruelties, stupidities, absurdities, something to be recalled not only with impatience but with baffled affection, not only in anger but with reluctant respect. It is a measure of all the dramatists concerned that they are able to encompass with abrasive generosity this tragicomical trawl of ambiguities; and Osborne, I believe, has in West of Suez taken a great bound forward.

The advance lies not in any blazing new insight into the human condition, but in the vastly increased resonance with which West of Suez expresses the disappointment at the heart of all Osborne's work—and which he is still rashly inclined to equate with despair, just as he still seems to confuse boredom with acridity. But there is a paradoxical economy in this leisurely play which encompasses all the sorts of anguish he has extra-vagantly lashed before.

A clutch of Whites on a Caribbean island, formerly British, now independent, provides a melancholic microcosm not so much a declining Empire as of Western civilisation. Most of them are members of the family of Wyatt Gillman, an elderly middling sort of writer turned television sage, himself from a military Empire-shoring background, his four daughters, three with husbands, variously involved with science, literature, teaching and half-hope domesticity. Their lives are all empty: so are those of the old man's secretary, of an elderly, dying American engineer, a mincing young hairdresser, an

## Major McCartney

DEREK JEWELL

EVER SINCE the Beatles broke up, there has been a deal of straining to see who was the major musical voice among them. George Harrison surprised everyone with his quite superb triple album earlier this year, but the Lennon-McCartney question has never been so keenly resolved. Neither of their first solo albums measured up to the bitter-sweet intensity of their combined talents.

Now, Paul McCartney, with his wife Linda, shows with "Ram" (Apple \$2.29) that a much more rounded rock musician has emerged. The record has some joinkiness, the expected lyrical facility and, surprisingly, a deal of heaviness—in the rock sense

—to it. He does not overload himself with lush backings; some of the simplicities, indeed, like the lone ukulele introduction to "Ram On" are the most effective parts of the record.

But on singing, McCartney does not stint himself. Using multi-tracking of all kinds, he builds up choral patterns of harmony which are really splendid—"On Ram" and "Back Seat of My Car" especially. There's even a touch of vocal jazz improvisation in "Heart of the Country". Here is a new McCartney, not to be ignored.

Certain names among British backing musicians are now almost as much a guarantee of quality as are the Memphis and Muscle Shoals crews in America. Chris

Spedding, the guitarist, is one. His musical ideas help to make a brilliant first album by a local girl called Linda Lewis ("Say No More," Reprise \$2.05) who very rarely combines a sweet, clear voice with a touch of huskiness and impressive musical quality.

And McCartney's "Ram On" record, though it is one which Bruce with a virtuoso performance on piano, bass guitar, cello and vocals, dominates. To the rich imagery of Pete Brown's lyrics, Bruce (one, of course, of the fabled Cream) adds music of gentle cleverness, a mixture which John Marshall's percussion adds an important and enjoyable element.

LITERARY THEATRE COMPANY

WYNTONSHAW FORUM THEATRE

051-427 9602 22-Oct. 9

LORNA AND TED BY KING

MANCHESTER LIBRARY

061-226 7429 22-Oct. 9

WAITING FOR COOT (Beckett)

MANCHESTER LIBRARY

061-226 7429 22-Oct. 9

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY (Shaw)

MANCHESTER LIBRARY

061-226 7429 22-Oct. 9

WEST OF SUEZ (Osborne)

ST. MARTIN'S 636 1445 8.00

MARIUS GOREING, JOHN FRASER

SLEUTH (Beckett)

THEATRE ROYAL WIMBLEDON

W.K. 61107 8.00, 9.30, 10.30

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE (Wagner)

THEATRE ROYAL WIMBLEDON

W.K. 61107 8.00, 9.30, 10.30

WALDEN (Shaw)

THEATRE ROYAL WIMBLEDON

W.K. 61107 8.00, 9.30, 10.30

WILLIAM TELL (Mozart)

THEATRE ROYAL WIMBLEDON

W.K. 61107 8.00, 9.30, 10.30

WYNTONSHAW FORUM THEATRE

051-427 9602 22-Oct. 9

YOUNG CAESAR (Gulford)

THEATRE ROYAL WIMBLEDON

W.K. 61107 8.00, 9.30, 10.30

ZEPHYRUS (Shaw)

THEATRE ROYAL WIMBLEDON</p

# The big battalions

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A FRIEND of mine remarked the other day that the older he grew the less he liked copiousness in the arts and the more he relished concision. It is just as well, therefore, that he is not the owner of a season ticket to the Proms.

In their infancy, for fear of alarming the new public, the Proms exaggerated to the point of scrappiness the nineteenth-century's natural taste for variety. What a change there has been since then! Programmes have become steadily more solid over the decades, until little now remains of the old-style miscellanies except a Vienna night, a Gilbert and Sullivan night and the last night.

True, there are some unusual mixtures this year; but the organisers show a compensating tendency to keep the audience on the job from seven till nearly midnight, or to assume that even the "Miss Solemnus" won't exhaust their appetite for the evening. The most popular occasions of all now seem to be not so much the time-honoured and perhaps moribund sequence of overture, concerto, symphony as the programme-filling monolithic event: whether opera, oratorio, Passion or one of those Harrods-size symphonies like Mahler No 3 and No 8. During the first four evenings of last week the total number of works performed was only seven.

Though length need not imply prolixity, two of this week's composers, Bruckner and Mahler, seem normally to have composed with frank disregard of an audience's assimilative power. Does the virtuous Brucknerite, as he watches his hero drive a stately path through the remaining 80 or so pages of some four-square finale, never secretly rejoice when a conductor makes one of those unauthorised or only semi-orthodox cuts? I have done so, and felt less guilty when the late Erwin Stein once jocularly remarked that he lived in dread that someone would unearth, at the back of some dusty cupboard, still longer and more authentic versions of these works.

The single-event Prom that packed the Albert Hall on Tuesday, but sent us all home richly satisfied at the early hour of nine, is in fact one of the most shapeless, confused and continuously inventive works in the repertory. It was Verdi's Requiem Mass, performed by BBC forces under Mario Rossi, for 25 years chief conductor of the Turin Orchestra of Radio-Televisione Italiana.

The special attraction of this work is that it shows us Verdi at the height of his powers, between "Aida" and "Otello", setting a dramatic and poetic text that is free from all complications of plot and involves not a line of explanatory recitative, since the muddled prayer of the solo soprano in the final *L'aura me* is surely emotional. The composer responds with an outpouring of ideas and melodies abundant even by his own standards. With God-like profusion, arias, duets and larger ensembles succeed one another, until the four soloists become like characters to us: the pleading tenor, the minatory bass, the majestic and mournful mezzo, the consolatory soprano, her eyes fixed on St. Michael and his victorious banner.

On Tuesday it was the last of

those performances.

It is fair to add that the audience wildly applauded both works; but is not everything wildly applauded at the Proms?

The delightful Spring Symphony received the dullest, least tingly performance I have ever heard, from where I sat, for example, one simply couldn't hear these gentle schoolboys in their marvellous tune "Whernas the resue to the chin" (their whistling was better). Soloists: Anne Evans (rather good), Norma Procter, Kenneth Bowen.

AT A FESTIVAL the film one hasn't seen is always the one most enthusiastically recommended, and when I arrived at Cannes this year my friends condoned with me so having missed the Louis Malle entry. Sometimes controversial film will be repeated, but Le Snuff au Coeur was not, I gathered, in that class. I got the impression that it was rather a dear little thing.

Now it is to be seen in London under the title *Dearest Love* (Curzon; Eastman colour; X).

And I find it is about incest.

Held on a bit. First it is about family life. It is about growing up, that is to say it is about sexual education, nowadays, apparently, the only form of education admitted in normal practice. And of course the subject is a boy. Girls, presumably, get on all right without education.

It is twelve years since Louis Malle started the cinema with the modest love-making of Les Amants—a scene which would pass almost unnoticed today, when the fashion is for goings-on more explicit and indeed more exotic. In his new film Louis Malle himself admits scenes which are a good deal more explicit; for instance the visit to the brothel arranged for the boy by his slightly older brothers. The boy (Benoit Ferreux) is fifteen; he still goes to a Scout camp in summer. There is a suggestion of affection rather than of homo-sexual stichchment in the relation between him and a younger child; and a gesture, scarcely blameless, from a teacher and confessor is hastily rebuffed. For the boy is not thinking in that direction. On the contrary, he is reading and quite openly,

Historie d'O.

I should be interested to know

whether the book (which personally I find repellent) is required

reading in Dijon, where the

family live—the gynaecologist

father (Daniel Gelin), the three

sons and the young, the very

young, pretty, demonstrative

Italian mother (Les Massaré).

Demonstrative in particular to

towards the boy, who returns her

devotion in a manner which might

remind one of D. H. Lawrence

and Sons and Lovers if this

mother were not well-heeled

enough to afford secrecy and a

lover. The whole family live in a

state of near-anarchy far removed

from one's idea of a provincial

French bourgeois household.

Nevertheless the detail—the

glimpses of the boy's school, the

family meals, the situation of the

long-suffering, stout old ex-maestro

—so often has the air of being

based on truth, that one readily

accepts a great deal of the

central, the growing-up theme.

Louis Malle may be occasionally

explicit in the dialogue, as well

as in some of the compositions,

but he is a serious director and

can afford to show reserve. The

film is elegantly and fluently

played, free in movement but

discreet in feeling. And when at

last the young mother, as it were

almost by accident, receives the

good doctor after a murder or two

and a celebratory tango feel dis-

posed for a glass of champagne

it has to be tipped in through the

earhole.

Meanwhile, on his vengeance

rampage he is working off on his

victims the celebrated plagues of

Egypt—frogs, hails, locusts, the lot;

it is a task calling for great

ingenuity on the part of the

script-writers, James Whitton and

William Goldstein. They don't

falter; I particularly admire the

device by which a party of sommo-

leat locusts are induced—but I

mustn't spoil the surprises. Not

that the film is above borrowing

an idea or two from fiction or

even life. Like Feuilleuse's hero,

Dr Phibes is known to wear a

bird-mask. Like Charles Peace, he

is partial to the violin, and his

mute female accomplice (Virginia

North in a splendid range of Art

Nouveau costumes) solaces him

with an al fresco solo while

through his telescope he watches

the well-organised plane-crash.

And like Captain Nemo he is an

organist—but the ideas are given

a new twist, and this time it is

one of those up-and-down cinema

organs.

I think, though, that the film

makes one mistake. A horror-

comic shouldn't have comic tar-

gets, and the choice of Terry

Thomas for the plague of blood

was overdoing things. But with

so many good poker-face jokes,

especially in the selection of

once popular, Mighty-Wurli-

ter-type songs as musical accompa-

niment, one shouldn't complain.

Perhaps Joseph Cotten (as one of

the targets) isn't ideal in this

kind of film. But most of the

playing (I note Peter Jeffrey as

the Detective-Inspector) is admirably poised between the realistic

and the idiotic.

A STUDIO for student-sculptors

is the setting of *The Best Age*

(director Jaroslav Popousek), a

quiet Czechoslovakian comedy of

manners about models, chiefly old

married men and their reactions

to the job. (New Cinema Club at

The Place, August 31.)

AT THE Commonwealth Institute,

Vava Abbas is showing programmes

of his documentary films

about India, Indian types, Indian

saints: strange, alien, fascinating.

Performances (the last) on Wed-

nesday and Thursday.

# The pains of peace

PRIVATE WORLDS by Sarah Gainham/Weidenfeld & Nicolson £2 JOHN WHITLEY

THE year, 1951, the place, Vienna—still Harry Lime country, carved up between four squabbling Powers with a black market to keep the sewers in business. But if the first two of

Julia's second husband and edit

of a powerful liberal magazine, he justifies star billing.

I said that the theatre is major element, and indeed per-

haps the most enjoyable thi-

in all the sequence is this mar-

velous study of a great stage ac-

tor at work, the interplay of priva-

te and professional life, the "car-

over" of one into the other (a

perhaps such an amiance is t

only way fully to convey t

theatre of the absurd created by

the Nazis). But "Private Wor-

lds" has a subplot, t

heinous re-appearance of Eichmann figure, a much-want-

ed SS general, Tenuus, husband

Julia's rival Helga Schneider

which reactivates the sense

of complicity shared by the survi-

ving forming a deeply moving a

placidity of those who, as Ju-

lia once told an American report-

er do not "know what it is like

live under a tyranny."

So short, Julia, now "rehabili-

ated" from the ludicrous

accusations of Nazism though

barely recovered from the

occupation, is trying to rebuild

her career at the city theatre,

a task made more difficult by

the approach of middle age which

forces a professional change of

direction—for the first time she

is cast as Cleopatra in Shake-

speare's play.

To this theme of theatrical

greatness, a constant refrain in

the earlier books, is added a new</

## In pursuit of Proust

MARCEL PROUST, 1871-1922, edited by Peter Quennell  
Weidenfeld & Nicolson £4.25 pp 216

RAYMOND MORTIMER



Proust as a boy

Few of us, I believe, share Proust's belief in their importance. Anyone reading the novel for the first time should be warned that it is intensely subjective.

In Proust's view nobody can ever understand anyone else: personality is always so inconsistent, as well as so subject to continual change, by Time. Oddly enough, however, the greatest of all his gifts seems to me his characterization, solid as well as subtle. He is equally inventive in the dramatic situations that display character. Again, he surprises all other novelists in his sensibility to the beauties of art as well as of Nature, and also in his induction of general laws from particular instances, following the French habit of La Bruyere and Montaigne. Though Plautbert would have thought such considerations misplaced in a novel, they are ussually profound.

The world he created reminds us of the real Court depicted by Saint-Simon, but is not quite so narrow. The petite bourgeoisie and the populace are represented only by servants, one tailor and a few personages who have made their way into the company of the well-off. He provides, however, an almost sociological study of the distinctions apparent in the aristocracy and the upper bourgeoisie. We are shown the grand and witty Guermantes set, the intermediate circle of the déclassé, Mme de Villeparisis, the Verdurins' little clan (two of its pillars tedious pedants, who surely could not have been admittable into *salon* life), which included Anatole France, and the solid, self-sufficient professional class into which the Narrator was born.

Mrs Peter Quennell is discriminating about the various dress-makers employed by the ladies in the novel. M. Marcel Schneider insists that the picture of the French aristocracy is imaginative rather than photographic, and that Proust "had the sensibility of a tyrannous, destructive child." Mr I. E. H. Dunlop adds Vuillard to the painters drawn upon for Elstir; Mr B. C. Ringer writes rather pompously about Proust and the 19th century, and Mr Francis Steegmuller briefly about Cocteau's relationship with him. On sixty-two pages of plates we enjoy photographs and paintings of Proust, his family, his friends, the places he describes and the Art Nouveau environment. Altogether a book that makes a delightful present for any Proustian.

Many of the generalisations are based upon his own quirks. After the age of twenty-five, he seems to have been physically attracted only by men, and by heterosexuals at that. He therefore decides that love is never reciprocal, and always poisoned by jealousy. Sexually for the same reason, he ends up eventually in an improbable number of the personages. Again there is the assumption that unconscious memories, produced by a tune or a flavour, must be far more revealing than ordinary recollections. Although we have all had such experiences,

novelist. The others, of whatever class, have been exposed as heartless, base, or at any rate silly. Proust expected his friends to be as generous in their affection (not their love) as he was himself, and they were always disappoiting him. What won, and retained, his place in good society, I believe, was his marvellously amusing talk.

Apart from Mr Quennell, all the members of his team write for their fellow-addicts. Professor Philip Kolb draws upon the almost undecipherable manuscripts and notes he has studied. Mr Anthony Powell is perceptive and thorough about Proust as a soldier; and, again unexpectedly, Miss Elizabeth Bowen is brilliantly imaginative about Berotte (whom as a writer, I think, resembles Proust himself) rather than any of the novelists from whom he has supposedly been drawn). Let me quote from her:

"Creativity infests, as might a mosquito, the universe of 'A la Recherche du temps perdu': life with its perennial innocence survives. The characters have a astonishing resilience, a foolhardy, desperado quality that gives them panache . . ."

M. Sherburne Sidley (like M. Georges Cattaui in the excellent 'Return to Proust' number of *Adventures in Books*) discusses the influence of Proust's half-Jewish blood, suggesting that this gave him his verve and love for mockery. I don't agree that "to be a Jew is to bear a burden of guilt"; and I suspect that (apart perhaps from energy) the characteristics thought to be Jewish are the product not of heredity but of environment. The son of a gentle father and brought up as a Catholic, did Proust ever enter a synagogue or eat a kosher meal? And were any of his friends observant Jews? Yet he did himself detect "Jewish atavism" in both the refined Swann and the ill-bred Bloch.

Mrs Peter Quennell is discriminating about the various dress-makers employed by the ladies in the novel. M. Marcel Schneider insists that the picture of the French aristocracy is imaginative rather than photographic, and that Proust "had the sensibility of a tyrannous, destructive child." Mr I. E. H. Dunlop adds Vuillard to the painters drawn upon for Elstir; Mr B. C. Ringer writes rather pompously about Proust and the 19th century, and Mr Francis Steegmuller briefly about Cocteau's relationship with him. On sixty-two pages of plates we enjoy photographs and paintings of Proust, his family, his friends, the places he describes and the Art Nouveau environment. Altogether a book that makes a delightful present for any Proustian.

Nazis starting a bonfire of books: one of the striking photographs discussed in "Scoop Scandal and Strife," a valuable newspaperman's handbook of news pictures edited by Ken Baynes, Tom Hopkinson, Allen Hult and Derrick Knight (Lund Humphries paperback £3.75)

## OUT OF ORKNEY

MAURICE WIGGIN

If Mr Brown did not persuade us otherwise we might begin to suspect a sort of romanticism, easy to parody: but it is not so, his values are firm, he is as modern as he need be, he sees to the heart of social organisation, his eye is pragmatic. And his language is glorious. A fine achievement.

In *Poems New and Selected* (Hogarth £1.25) he offers us 14 new poems and a selection from *Loaves and Fishes* (1959) and *The Year of the Whale* (1965). Though always his own man, it is possible to detect his debts to Gerard Manley Hopkins (of whom he made a special study), Dylan Thomas, and even, at ruminative moments, Auden, who is so unlike him. (See "Hamnavoe," page 56). There is a slight tendency to repeat his favourite images: "ale, bread and bad-docks" the silent shouts of fishes' gaping mouths. His imagery recurs: he is in thrall to it.

But the control, resource and precision of his use of language is what distinguishes him from the horde of poetasters who think it is only necessary to have poetic feelings in order to be a poet. He is a master of language. He was right to stay in Orkney but it would be marvelous now if he could cast himself recklessly adrift on the far shore of an utterly different environment, a cosmopolitan modern city, Shepherds Bush, the Bowery, Birmingham: it might be a rebirth, a new song if only a scream of horror, a new idiom, a new myth.

Who Cares shows up the laziness behind these reactions. It is an autobiographical account of Stacey's life within the Church, from his first feelings that he might wish to be ordained (after experiencing the aftermath of Hiroshima) to his relinquishing the Rectoryship of Woolwich for mainly secular activities.

As befits the work of a journalist the writing is incisive and well-ordered. Although not a profound theologian or philosopher, he does not beg any of the questions raised by his experiences. The major part of the book concerns his ministry at Woolwich: the initial enthusiasm and revitalisation, followed by disillusionment. This he succeeded in, a more radical plan in which the incumbents of the ministry cash increased their regular activities, thus joining more easily with the normal life of the local community. (For the earlier period, Stacey writes: "The agony of so much of our pastoral work was that the things people did want from us—the aman of a safe, cheap abortionist, a loan of £20; a roof over their eads, or a new husband—we were unwilling or unable to provide.") His contribution was to inaugurate the Quadrant Housing Association which turned out to be the most useful and satisfying experience of his public life.

The book provides an analysis of the inadequacies of the Anglican Church, and an outline of the way in which the team at Woolwich tried to combat them. Stacey finds very much that some of his warnings and suggestions caused him to be heaped upon him, et later were accepted as the norm—often when the relevant situation had deteriorated almost beyond repair.

It isn't just personal pride that takes him mind. He does care very much what happens to the church. He would far rather see its essential message reach the outside world by way of halls and schools and houses, than just the wodding congregations in lofty dilapidated churches.

DAVID & CHARLES : Newton Abbot : Devon

## Your kind of book?

We have just had great pleasure in publishing Mudie's Circulating Library and the Victorian Novel (£3.30), a well-documented study of the economics of the book trade and the mechanics of book distribution in the Victorian era. Also in the Victorian era, we have produced a new edition, re-illustrated, of Michael Harrison's *In the Footsteps of Sherlock Holmes* (£2.50), a standard topographical guide to Sherlockian England. And there is also much Victorian as well as more recent material in Douglas Phillips-Birt's *When Luxury Went to Sea* (£2.75); a large pictorial survey.

More general history is headed by a new impression of that ever-popular little handbook Eric R. Denfield's *King & Queen of England & Great Britain*, paper-covered at 45p, hardback also available £1.25, while a more detailed legal handbook in Charles Fox's *The Countryside and the Law* (£2.50), while David F. Costello's *The Prairie World* (£3.75) brings the rolling prairie and its natural history vividly to life.

DAVID & CHARLES : Newton Abbot : Devon

## The Baron and his court

CORVO by Donald Weeks/Michael Joseph £3.50 pp 450

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

THE PARANOIA often attracts a cult following, both in his lifetime and posthumously. "Ah," people say, "if mine had been the hand to feed him, it would not have been bitten." (Oh yes, it would.) "All he needed was sympathy and tact." Probably the main attraction is his perfect self-assurance, which leads men to take him at his face-value. The author of *Hadrian VII*, Frederick Rolfe, self-styled Baron Corvo, had the attraction too of a weird touch of genius—only a touch, but enough to allure. It is impossible to read his novels—all wish-fulfilling—today without feeling the man's powerful personality; and if it had his grim side, we shall probably fall over ourselves to excuse it.

Mr Donald Weeks is one of the foremost collectors of Corviana. Snagged by the Corvo legend when he first read A. J. A. Symons' "The Quest for Corvo," he determined to find out all he could about him. The result is a rather loosely-written but comprehensive work, of the utmost value to all Corvo-fanciers. It tells the full story, so far as it is to be told, from his birth in 1860 at 61 Cheshire (here Mr Weeks draws some astrological conclu-

sions) to his death in Venice in 1913. I daresay we shall get nothing more thorough for a long time, if ever.

It is a tragicomic story, at times a very sad one. Whatever Corvo lacked, it was not physical courage. Told by friends that he would be lucky if only he were returned to England, he refused, preferring to spend the better winter nights in his boat and to eke out his pitiful diet by going to despatch cocktail parties not for the tit-bits, but for the tit-bits. If he became so shabby that he was often ashamed to be seen in the streets, but he did not, however, suggest elsewhere, die in poverty. Towards the end of his life he had a bit of financial luck—and was able to realise a dream—a play patron to another man, a destitute Englishman called Wade-Brown, to whom he had been introduced at the Albergo Cavatello. Wade-Brown was the full story, so far as it is to be told, from his birth in 1860 at 61 Cheshire (here Mr Weeks draws some astrological conclu-

sions) to his death in Venice in 1913. I daresay we shall get nothing more thorough for a long time, if ever.

It is a tragicomic story, at times a very sad one. Whatever Corvo lacked, it was not physical courage. Told by friends that he would be lucky if only he were returned to England, he refused, preferring to spend the better winter nights in his boat and to eke out his pitiful diet by going to despatch cocktail parties not for the tit-bits, but for the tit-bits. If he became so shabby that he was often ashamed to be seen in the streets, but he did not, however, suggest elsewhere, die in poverty. Towards the end of his life he had a bit of financial luck—and was able to realise a dream—a play patron to another man, a destitute Englishman called Wade-Brown, to whom he had been introduced at the Albergo Cavatello. Wade-Brown was

mined sitting on the fence. Are they an accurate record of the facts, or are they, too, examples of wish-fulfillment? They were written to titillate the imagination of a Cornishman called Mason Fox, and very fine pieces of titillation they are. Yet they are shot through with Rolfe's own peculiar poetry, and give some magnificent descriptions of Venice itself. That Rolfe was homosexual seems to me beyond doubt; yet incidents described in the letters have the unmistakable mark of an imagination run wild. The reader gets something of an enigma, though.

This cannot now really be said of Corvo himself. We know a great deal by this time, thanks to Mr Weeks. Because Corvo was such a liar, it is not always easy to see the wood for the trees: it is a dark wood, all the same, though anyone who fancies he himself would have been the "divine friend" greatly desired, may not be deterred from his fancy by Mr Weeks' work, which is perhaps a little overly sympathetic.

With regard to the notorious and much-debated Venetian letters, I find Mr Weeks rather

briefly infers that he was probably

too much involved with the

titillating aspects of the

whole affair.

Mr Weeks' book is a

valuable handbook of news

pictures edited by Ken Baynes,

Tom Hopkinson, Allen Hult and Derrick Knight (Lund Humphries paperback £3.75)



## Hunt the patient

BOTH THESE BOOKS, in very different ways, pose a perennial and now fashionable problem. Is psychoanalysis (and the various therapies derived from it) really a way of helping sick individuals, or is it merely a method of adjusting rebellious people, to a sick culture?

Erich Fromm is already well known by virtue of many books as a critic of Western, bourgeois capitalist society. One of the present collection of papers is entitled "Marx's Contribution to the Knowledge of Man," and will be revealing to those who consider Marx only as an economic theorist. Marx believed that man's ills spring from one or other of the passions assuming "an abstract, separate character."

The result of this is that the individual achieves only a one-sided crippled development. This view of human nature has much in common with that of Balzac, whose characters tend to be personalifications of ruling passions.

Fromm is always worth reading, although some of these essays date from as long ago as 1932. His determination to apply psychoanalytic principles to "humanistic planning" is admirable. We have, for far too long, assumed that the satisfaction of material needs will necessarily bring happiness. But I am less certain that Fromm's rather Eastern ideal of abolishing it, and thus of simply "being lived" instead of planning or striving is appealing, especially to the young of today. But it is a passive ideal, based on resignation and opting out; and the parts of the world from which it originates are just those which would most benefit from Western dynamism and the will to improve material conditions.

But to accept that the ego, and therefore the will, is in fiction, will be found too difficult by most Westerners. Freud believed that, by making the unconscious conscious, man could learn to exercise more control and strengthen his ego. The Eastern ideal of abolishing it, and thus of simply "being lived" instead of planning or striving is appealing, especially to the young of today. But it is a passive ideal, based on resignation and opting out; and the parts of the world from which it originates are just those which would most benefit from Western dynamism and the will to improve material conditions.

In this context, Alan Watts' book is relevant. Eastern "ways of liberation" are compared to Western psychotherapies; and both are criticised for taking too little account of the cultural background against which they operate. Alan Watts is invariably a clear exponent of difficult matters. His account of the Buddhist conception of all human conflict arising from separating

form from context, and ego from Self, makes clear how very differently human distress is viewed in the East.

But to accept that the ego, and therefore the will, is in fiction, will be found too difficult by most Westerners. Freud believed that, by making the unconscious conscious, man could learn to exercise more control and strengthen his ego. The Eastern ideal of abolishing it, and thus of simply "being lived" instead of planning or striving is appealing, especially to the young of today. But it is a passive ideal, based on resignation and opting out; and the parts of the world from which it originates are just those which would most benefit from Western dynamism and the will to improve material conditions.

Indeed, it is timely that these two books appear contemporaneously. The East has something to offer the rich societies of the West; although no one, to my mind, has yet succeeded in formulating this in a way which will command general acceptance. What the West has to offer the East is more obvious and perhaps even more important. Both psychotherapy and religion are apt to appear otiose if one is homeless, starving, or dying of cholera.

Freud's libido theory also mirrors his social situation in another sense. It is based on the Buddhist conception of all human conflict arising from separating

form from context, and ego from Self, makes clear how very differently human distress is viewed in the East.

But to accept that the ego, and therefore the will, is in fiction, will be found too difficult by most Westerners. Freud believed that, by making the unconscious conscious, man could learn to exercise more control and strengthen his ego. The Eastern ideal of abolishing it, and thus of simply "being lived" instead of planning or striving is appealing, especially to the young of today. But it is a passive ideal, based on resignation and opting out; and the parts of the world from which it originates are just those which would most benefit from Western dynamism and the will to improve material conditions.

Indeed, it is timely that these two books appear contemporaneously. The East has something to offer the rich societies of the West; although no one, to my mind, has yet succeeded in formulating this in a way which will command general acceptance. What the West has to offer the East is more obvious and perhaps even more important. Both psychotherapy and religion are apt to appear otiose if one is homeless, starving, or dying of cholera.

I suppose Alan Dent's objection is that editors don't edit from the stage as well as the page. He cannot interpret for us the cursed juice of henbane or harebell (another word without leaves, so to say, which Shakespeare had picked up from poetry—from Gower or Marlowe); but thank him I must for that swipe at the intellectual backside of (in some ways) horrible Dr Johnson; and swipes at other editorial sins of vagueness and emendation.

Some things he advances I am not swallowing. He is a Scot, he believes that when Shakespeare said, harebell means what a Scots means by a bluebell. No, he meant by a bluebell. Then Ophelia and the long purples: they weren't Lords-and-Ladies, they were Early Purple Orchises, for which Gerard, if not Warwickshire shepherds (both, I would suppose) bad grosser names, because each long purple orchid rises from a pair of testicles.

But wait till Alan Dent catches up with fern-seed—with Gadshill saying, "We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible." He quotes the annotations of six "accepted scholars," working backwards from Dover Wilson to Dr Johnson. Not one of them is clear about the magical explanation of fern-seed, and they crib from one another until you get to Dr Johnson, who cribbs, lazily verbatim, from Gerard's Herbal.

I read or listen to Perdita and feel it unlikely that even a goddess on the field of Enna

would be picking a mixed bunch of daffodils, primroses—and tall, stout, stately

Crown Imperials, which she dropped from Dis's waggon.

It was the name Shakespeare had snatched—that wonderful new name, belonging to something about as novel and unfamiliar as a medal-winning introduction at Chelsea.

## The people's poison...

DRUNK AND THE VICTORIANS: The Temperance Question in England 1815-1872 by Brian Harrison/Faber £5.50 pp 510

CHRISTOPHER RICKS

WHY GIVE money to the poor, since they will only waste it on gin and tobacco?" But Dr Johnson then asked "And why should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence?"

By Queen Victoria's time, men were at last determined to do something about the fact that drink the sweetener was drink the poison. "What's your poison?" Yet this is one of the most poignant scenes in Brian Harrison's remarkable book on *Drunk and the Victorians* that it sees drink as more than an evil. The range of information and speculation in this richly human book shows what the reformers were up against.

To some men the essential thing, the only practicable thing, was the provision of counter-attractions and moral permission. To others, this was mere trifling. To the prohibitionists, their prudent colleagues were too temper

# LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

## Germaine Greer

### Rotten to the hard core

day in the supermarket, their bodies marked by childbearing, hard work and unsuitable clotting.

Somewhere behind the hypnotic camera the *metteur-en-scène* had stood, commanding them to hold their wooden postures in a tableau of cruelty and despair. His only concern was the mechanism of the fetish, the quaint designs of torture, for in his market all other shortcomings would be forgiven as long as the dominant motif was correctly rendered. Illegality itself would not justify the high price; the true porn merchant receives his danger money many times over.

When its outer ramifications are so easily uncovered it ought to be a relatively simple proceeding for the police to track down the men who have made fortunes this way.

Such men are guilty of fraud, coercion and extortion, although what they are most likely to be accused of under the law is purveying obscene articles. The latter judgment would depend upon the judge's aesthetic sense, but any accusation on the former grounds would have more substance.

The real guilt of the fat proprietor of the porn shop is like that of the men who rob alcoholics when they are helpless and then force them to commit crimes in exchange for a ration of booze, or like the straight who turns women on to prostitution by hooking them on to heroin. The core of the crime is the means, the alcohol, the drug, or the sex, but the exercise of power over others for gain,

It is quite certain that the purveyors of pictorial discipline and bondage make money, but it is very much less clear whether they corrupt or deprive anybody.

The group who first saw the photographs when my friend threw them down on the restaurant table was of a normally polymorphous and sexually inquiring cast, but we all gazed blankly at what seemed to us to be utterly unerotic. We were looking at *Hair* for which we had no door. Without the already developed need for it, such stuff was merely incomprehensible.

The theatre interests him most at the moment. "What I want to do is set up an international consortium of producers so that every time I find something that really moves me I know there'll be a bunch of people who will have the right of first sight of it and can be relied on to produce it properly."

"Frankenstein" is my next really exciting project—this'll be a rock musical based on the novel by Mary Shelley. I think it's one of the greatest books ever written—it's really all about the problems of lack of communication and love and it's so beautifully written."

On a summer Sunday at the house he's taken at Ascot the place is milling with friends and all of them as far as one can see, are involved in one or other of his projects. There is Red Sheppard, a former Berger of *Hair*, with whom Michael Butler is going to produce records, starting with the rock mass produced at St John the Divine in New York. There is David Cannell with whom he's working on a film and planning a jaunt into the Atlas Mountains.

There's Bill Manville who's turning Boris Godunov into a pop opera. And there are plans for

Measure for Measure, nothing corrupts like virtue.

© Times Newspapers Ltd. 1971

heart and soul of gangsterism. And yet is not salesmanship an exercise of the same kind? Does not a market researcher study the ways in which a potential buyer can be made to want a product which he did not need before? What more does my merchant of porno pics do than satisfy a need in the population at the highest price he can command? He need not even admit to the greater responsibility of creating a need where one did not exist before. But he does exploit the secrecy and guilt which only illegality could assure.

But justice traditionally addresses itself to the commodity rather than its purveyor, and so it merely increases the market value of drink, drugs and sex. The Mafia remains enthroned in the heart of America because it is primarily a very good family business, which takes very good care of its own.

The efforts of the law-enforcers to stamp out heroin and prostitution are a useless expenditure of energy and funds as long as the rationale of competition and individual gain, regardless of the requirements of the community as a whole, is tacitly accepted.

It is quite certain that the purveyors of pictorial discipline and bondage make money, but it is very much less clear whether they corrupt or deprive anybody.

The group who first saw the photographs when my friend threw them down on the restaurant table was of a normally polymorphous and sexually inquiring cast, but we all gazed blankly at what seemed to us to be utterly unerotic. We were looking at *Hair* for which we had no door.

Without the already developed need for it, such stuff was merely incomprehensible.

The theatre interests him most at the moment. "What I want to do is set up an international consortium of producers so that every time I find something that really moves me I know there'll be a bunch of people who will have the right of first sight of it and can be relied on to produce it properly."

"Frankenstein" is my next really exciting project—this'll be a rock musical based on the novel by Mary Shelley. I think it's one of the greatest books ever written—it's really all about the problems of lack of communication and love and it's so beautifully written."

On a summer Sunday at the house he's taken at Ascot the place is milling with friends and all of them as far as one can see, are involved in one or other of his projects. There is Red Sheppard, a former Berger of *Hair*, with whom Michael Butler is going to produce records, starting with the rock mass produced at St John the Divine in New York. There is David Cannell with whom he's working on a film and planning a jaunt into the Atlas Mountains.

There's Bill Manville who's turning Boris Godunov into a pop opera. And there are plans for

Measure for Measure, nothing corrupts like virtue.

© Times Newspapers Ltd. 1971

### WOMAN'S ROLE

● How bored I am becoming with these frantic females hurrying their corsets trying to be the equals of men. They always compare themselves with men rather than with women to the detriment of the former, naturally. There is nothing that a woman can do, apart from bearing children, that a man can't do better. The type of woman most men admire is the one who marries and has children, for whom she provides an emotionally secure background. — Letter to Manchester Evening News.

● As with any commercial which leans heavily on the window dressing (or undressing) the product tends to get in the way of the interesting bit and you might find yourself resenting the rum for blocking your view of the boobs. — Review of a *Bacardi rum* commercial in TV Mag.

● The botanists have revealed that, like most females, plants can be tricked.—Graham Rose in *The Sunday Times*.

● A cut off the cost

OUR FINAL cheap recipe chosen by Caroline Conran from the £1,000 sent us in our competition is for spiced brisket. It wins £2 for Mrs Margaret Ellis of St John's House, Borth, Cardiganshire.

1 piece lean rolled brisket, salt and pepper, hot water, cloves, 1 tea-spoon breadcrumbs, 1 beaten egg.

Rub salt and pepper into the surface of the meat and stick in six cloves. Put meat in pan, add hot water, cover and simmer until tender (two or three hours according to size). Remove from pan and drain well. Mix together beaten egg and breadcrumbs and spread this paste over the meat. Cook in a greased oven-tin in moderate oven (about 330 deg. mark 4) for 20-30 minutes until golden brown. Make gravy with some of the liquid. Serve with colourful fresh vegetables.

Corraine says this is a delicious way of boiling beef. "The liquid makes a marvellous soup the next day and the brisket can be eaten hot or cold in sandwiches if there is some leftover, with pickled cucumbers and English mustard."

An inquest showed, after dissection, their affair had been smothered with affection.

Roland Faulkner

● The real agent of corruption in these cases is probably not in the least pornographic, perhaps a repressive upbringing in which corporal punishment has become associated with pleasure. As Angelo discovered in *Measure for Measure*, nothing corrupts like virtue.

© Times Newspapers Ltd. 1971

RICHARD DARE runs a marvellous kitchen shop at 93 Regent's Park Road, London NW1, full of things which good cooks need. Here we have assembled a group of traditional French items from his shop.

The salad shaker is 63p. The large white flat plate at the back is traditionally used for flat fruits or flans but would also make a good cheese plate. 70p.

The oblong tin has folding or collapsible sides so that when the cake or paté or galantine is ready the sides are unclipped and the complete shape can easily be lifted out. It is in three sizes, 70p, 80p and 90p.

Traditional French bistro

cutlery: large fork 47p, small fork 38p, serving spoon 50p, dessertspoon 47p, teaspoon 32p, knives (whether dessert, table or steak) 37p each.

Traditional bistro coffee cup and saucer in bottle-green with gold-leaf edging. Two sizes, breakfast cup, holding 1 pint, 99p, after-dinner size 70p.

The oblong tin has folding or

collapsible sides so that when the cake or paté or galantine is ready the sides are unclipped and the complete shape can easily be lifted out. It is in three sizes, 70p, 80p and 90p.

Traditional French bistro

© Times Newspapers Ltd. 1971

The French street number plates come in blue and white and cost £1.10 each. All numbers up to 100 are available.

Traditional French bistro

© Times Newspapers Ltd. 1971

©

## IN MY FASHION

## SHOP TALK

by Ernestine Carter

Hair by Celine at the House of Leonard  
Photographs by Julian Allason

**THEA PORTER COUTURE** (left): Mochinc-smocking shapes a bodice in Abraham's cream silk, its blue-edged maroon Regency stripes broken by formalised blue flowers, £50, of Thea Porter, Notting Hill Gate pumps, bowed and bordered in navy pecan de sole, £14.50 from Royne, Old Bond Street. (Above) Hand-smocking ends a low V-neck in Brochier's black silk chiffon scattered with roses printed in cream and brown, and sabre-cut in black, £107, at Thea Porter, Black suede strapped sandals, £19.95 at Russell & Bromley.

**KEEPING UP**  
Thea Porter is moving far faster than her diminutive size and whispery voice would lead you to believe. On May 16th, she announced her first ready-to-wear collection. The next day she opened her New York shop in one of East 60th Street's brownstone houses.

She really started spinning when she took her first collection to New York four years ago. Since then more than half her production has gone to the States.

At first her clothes were exclusive to Bendel's, but now she also sells to Bloomingdale's and at her

**ERIC HILL**

"quality with fashion at a sensible price"

Dress and jacket in finest Yorkshire worsted dog's tooth check. With toning velvet collar and buttons.

Anytime, anywhere, this outfit is "just right".

The jacket is lined but the dress, which has three-quarter length sleeves, is unlined.

Colours:  
Green/Black  
Red/Black  
Brown/Black.

Direct from Eric Hill to you for £24.50 postage included.

Sizes 12 to 18, also sizes 10, 20 and 22 at no extra cost but 3 weeks to wait from order.

Your money refunded immediately if not entirely satisfied.  
Send for free catalogue.



Drawing by James Falnestock

• Laura Aponte is one of the great names in Italian knitwear, but, oddly enough, her clothes have not been seen much in this country. Now you can find them at Liberty's. Typical of her clever shaping is the dress sketched above, the top and sleeves rib-knit in black, silver-threaded; the skirt and ruffled cuffs plain-knit in vivid stripes. £75, exclusive to Liberty.

Advertisement

**Achieve  
Complexion  
Beauty**

The bloom of a lovely complexion is a gift which every woman can possess through the skin-beautifying properties of a unique tropical moist oil. Whether the skin tends to be oily, dry, in-between or half-and-half, Ulay oil brings out its freshest, youngest qualities, establishing the perfect balance of oil and moisture that keeps wrinkles dryness at bay and promotes flawless tone and texture. Use oil of Ulay beneath your make-up to cherish your skin all day long.

for safe relief from ear discomforts  
USE  
**EAREX Ear drops**  
The drops gently and easily remove the cause  
from Boots & chemists

To: Eric Hill, High Street, Bramley, Guildford, Surrey.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Style 100c. Colour \_\_\_\_\_ Size \_\_\_\_\_

Cheque, M.O. value £ \_\_\_\_\_ enclosed.

I WAS PURELY by chance that last week I found myself lunching with two tailors. New Yorker, John Weitz, and Londoner, Doug Hayward. Each typifies the meritocracy of his home town. Each is a success by any yardstick. But two men more widely different would be hard to find.

Though their trades are similar, they are at opposite ends of the pole. One caters for the few, the other for the many. Their only similarity is their slender height; they are eyeball to eyeball at six foot three.

John Weitz, who says he wanted to be the first American to be a world wide designer switched from designing for women to designing for men seven years ago. His designs are now manufactured in the USA, Europe and Japan.

His is Big Business. Fourteen sales staffs cope with his production, "about 2,000 people, each a specialist in his field." The fields now embrace all items of menswear, including wrist-watches.

Mr Hayward (Doug or Douglas, his begs, anything but Doug) is a bespoke tailor. Where Mr Weitz has expanded his business to global proportions, Mr Hayward expands into other areas, too, he says, "I'd be free to run my own business without compromise." These other interests include the dining club which he started last year with the Earl of Lichfield (they resisted the temptation of calling it "Lord & Tailor" and settled for Burke's) a hair shop, "Cheevers" in Shepherd's Market and, most recently, the Jamaica Patisse.

Mr Hayward is very enthusiastic about the Patisse. "It's like a Cornish pasty, very lasty; we sold 10,500 last week." He has set up a bakery and a small shop in the Portobello Road. "It's open till 10.30 every night, and Saturday afternoons I work there behind the counter. It's nice for me because that's where I come from."

Mr Weitz went to school in England (St Paul's, where John Cavanagh was a year ahead of him); Mr Hayward went to Southall Grammar School—a bitter failure. Mr Weitz started work at 16; Mr Hayward beat him by a year. He started as an apprentice at 15 "at 30 bob a week. The fares to Regent Street were 15 shillings, two and ten-pence went to National Insurance, men shillings went to Mum and then left me two and twopence."

To eke out, he took work home: a pair of sleeves for which he got one and six, he remembers.

At eighteen he went into the Navy and when he came out did one more year's apprenticeship.

He was twenty-one when he started looking for a job in a shop. "I went in and said, 'What about a job see?'" and was told that they didn't want Cockney accents. Up to then, he hadn't realised he had an accent—because everybody I knew talked like me." No shop in Savile Row would take him, and he finally got a job in Shepherd's Bush "where everybody talks that way."

After seven years, he opened on his own in a little shop in Fulham with a friend, Dimitri Major, as partner. "I travelled round to people's houses in a second-hand Alfa Romeo. Nobody knew where my shop was. By then, I'd conquered my accent."



JOHN WEITZ



DOUG HAYWARD

thing that goes wrong is blamed on the Mayor. He seemed rather surprised that the English like the Press and Mr Hayward were so sympathetic to Mr Lindsay's change of political heart.

Between jobs, he has found time to write a book, "The Value of Nothing," which takes the covers of the Seventh Avenue rag trade. He is now writing another quite different, he says, "reassuring, actually."

In a way, one feels, he resents the pressures of business, although he chose to be big. "In the USA, we're so concerned with marketing. The marketing people tell us what to make. We can't sell side-vented suits; we must have suits with back vents. IBM machines tell us that this year shoulders should be grown an inch. Bodies are getting bigger. 74" seats are bigger. The Japanese are growing bigger."

Men, it seems, are not only growing bigger; they are growing differently. In fact, says Mr Hayward, they are changing their shapes. When trousers had tight waistbands and pleats in front, they bulged below. Now that trousers are snuffly fitted and flat in front, they bulge above.

The contrast between the two men extends to their ideas about fashion. Mr Weitz essentially designs for men like himself (younger versions, he would say)—extrovert, outdoor (he is a keen sailor and used to be a crack racing driver), informal, sporting clothes for non-sportsmen ("the best sport is losing"). He sees "adapted work clothes as the clothes of the future."

Mr Hayward didn't prophesy. He merely noted that lots of his customers had gone hippie. "They'd come in in their shorts and beads saying they'd never wear suits again. Now they're back. Look at Fred Astaire—he's sort of elegance will always be elegant."

What they were wearing illustrated their different points of view. Mr Weitz' suit (his own design) was a cool, casual cotton woven in blue and white checks.

"That's a very good suit," said Mr Hayward. "So on the plus side," replied Mr Weitz proudly. "Mr Hayward's suit (his own make) was a formally tailored olive drab sashony cloth. Neither of us asked how much it cost."



Tipperary to the Taj Mahal.

**JAEGER**  
LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK

## ADVERTISEMENT FEATURE

# The Traveller's Guide to Good Eating



Cavendish Hotel

A stone's throw from Piccadilly, in fashionable Jermyn Street, the Ribblesdale Room at the Cavendish Hotel, specialises in a round-the-clock service. The Restaurant's attractive modern decor and friendly staff make eating a pleasure and the cuisine is unpretentious but of a very high standard: The Ribblesdale Room is open 24 hours a day and the breakfasts, which can be obtained long before dawn, are claimed, by the clientele, to be the best in London.

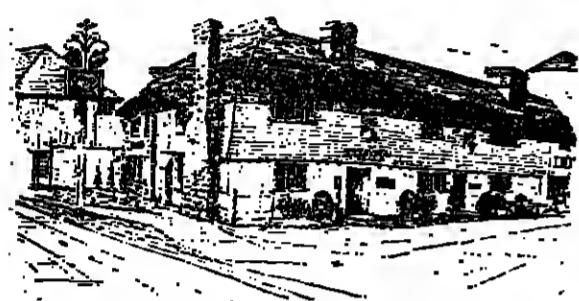
Jermyn Street, London, SW1  
Telephone: 01-930 2111. Telex: 263187. Cables: Rosatel, London, SW1



Sully House Restaurant

Romantically situated on the coast, but easily found. 6 miles from Cardiff, overlooking the craggy shore to Sully Island. The Sull House Restaurant offers delicious French cuisine and a choice of excellent wines in haven of cosy luxury. Private room available for banqueting. 5 bedrooms, each with private bath. Open throughout the year every day except Sundays.

Swanbridge, Glamorgan  
Telephone: Sully 448

The Swan  
Managers: Mr. & Mrs. J. J. Cooper-Mitchell

Once described by E. V. Lucas as "the most ingeniously placed inn in the world" this 15th century inn carries the arms of the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Leconfield. It was the first home of the "Ancient Order of Frothblowers" and is now the haunt of artists and fishermen. Listed as an historic building, the "Swan" is residential and A.A. and R.A.C. appointed.

Fittleworth  
Telephone: Fittleworth Sussex 429

The Old Hall  
A Schooner Inn

A stately white building set in spacious grounds on Tamworth Road, just outside Coventry, the Old Hall offers three bars—Guinevere's Bar, The Knight's Bar and Arthur's Hall—plus two restaurants all with a novel and original decor of Camelot themes. In the two restaurants, Pendragon's Pantry on the ground floor and the Squire's Kitchen, reached by the graceful and imposing spiral staircase, patrons can choose from a superb menu which includes T-bone, rump, sirloin, rib, filet, chops, gammon, pheasant and popular fish dishes. The prices are very reasonable, the total cost of a meal being around a pound or even less. This includes the main course, all the trimmings and a sweet or selection from the cheeseboard, and a roll and butter. An evening at the Old Hall will certainly be memorable, although inexpensive.

Tamworth Road, Keresley, Coventry

The Robin Hood  
A Schooner Inn

Attractively situated on the edge of Richmond Park, the Robin Hood has a distinctive Sherwood Forest theme. The three bars, the Flying Arrow, the Swinging Friar and the Hide-Out, and the two restaurants, the Happy Snapper and the Tavern, reflect in name and decor the legend of Robin Hood. The superb menu includes sirloin, rump, T-bone and fillet steaks, roast duckling, scallop or sole—each at the very reasonable price of around a pound or even less, which covers a roll and butter, all the trimmings and a sweet or selection from the cheeseboard. Patrons can be assured of a pleasant and inexpensive meal in fascinating and intimate surroundings.

Kingston Vale, London, S.W.15

The Halland Hotel  
Proprietor: Mr R. J. Ledger

Whether it's for a fortnight, a week or just a weekend, your stay at the Halland is something you will remember with pleasure. Water sports, golf, tennis, horseriding, fishing are all locally available. Nor will you forget the Halland's good food, comfortable rooms, bars, dancing, and direct access to the sands of Seaview Bay. The Halland is the place to get away from it all and it's open all the year round (centrally heated, of course). For the perfect English Holiday, take advantage of the off-season rates.

Pier Road, Seaview, Isle of Wight  
Telephone: Seaview 2222



Thurlestone Hotel

In the peaceful old world village is the exclusive 3 star Thurlestone hotel—private bathroom, lift, hairdressing salon, beater pool, badminton, squash, pitch and put golf course—all by the sea at Thurlestone. Nearby is the LINKS HOTEL adjoining an 18-hole full-size golf course.

Thurlestone, Nr. Kingsbridge, Devon  
Telephone: 054-857 382

Combe Grove  
Proprietor: Mrs Audrey Easter

There could be no more ideal a sanctuary or winter nesting ground than this eighteenth century country house hotel. Here people come to look at the birds or admire the variety of trees in the extensive woodlands.

Pitched on the edge of a hill, five minutes from Bath, it is renowned for its good food (Egon Ronay recommended) and magnificent unspoilt views... good cheer, hospitality, and centrally heated Christmases.

Monkton Combe, Bath BA2 7HS  
Telephone: Combe Down 3341

The Bell House  
Proprietors: Newling Ward Hotels Limited  
Manager: Frederick Clarke

Considered by many to be the finest small Country Hotel in England, the Bell House caters its guests in unashamed luxury and delights their palates with its superb cuisine and the rarest of wines.

The Bell House is ideal for that long, lazy weekend, as a touring centre for the West Country, or perhaps when passing to sample the delights of the Cotswolds.

The Hotel has recently changed hands and is now owned by a small company specialising in the operation of fine country hotels,

while the standards for which the Bell House has become famous will be maintained some

be revised.

Sutton Benger, Nr. Chippenham, Wiltshire  
Telephone: Seagry 336 or 401

The Bedford Arms Hotel  
Proprietors: Newling Ward Hotels Limited  
Manager: Michael Spratt

Woburn is probably the most complete, unspoilt Georgian town in England. The Bedford Arms is very much the focal point of the town and once a major posting house, has a fascinating history. Re-opening 6th July after a massive renovation, the Bedford Arms will provide its guests with every modern comfort, keeping its character and elegance. Twenty-six of the thirty-one bedrooms have private bathrooms, all are centrally heated and provide radios, telephones and televisions. The restaurant will strive for highest standards of cuisine and will provide an exciting and varied menu.

Woburn, Bedfordshire  
Telephone: Woburn 441 or 221

Sopwell House Hotel  
Proprietors: Newling Ward Hotels Limited  
Manager: Edward Meyer

A charming Georgian mansion surrounded on one side by an excellent Golf Course and on the other by acres of beautiful gardens. The delightfully decorated bedrooms are all provided with bathrooms, radios, telephones and televisions, and present a bower of peace to those who stay there.

The Restaurant has become renowned for the excellence of its French Cuisine and exemplary service.

The hotel provides a superb setting for Wedding receptions and small banquets and is an ideal location for business conferences.

Less than 20 miles from the centre of London, Sopwell House is the Country House Hotel 'par excellence'.

St. Albans, Hertfordshire  
Telephone: St. Albans 64477

Rumpels Restaurant  
AA Rosette, RAC Rosette, Egon Ronay, Ashley Courtney, American Express

"In Paris you are famous." This was said to Rumpels by a Parisian businessman when asked how he knew of them. Rumpels modestly admits his connoisseur standards of cuisine can please even the most critical French palate. Their warm genuine friendliness is also well known; people return after many years. The atmosphere is quiet, the restaurant rooms, the peace, and the haunting beauty of Romney Marshes with big sunsets and miles and miles of waving rushes... To Stay—Rumpels Motel units each have colour television, u/c carpet, own bathroom, C.H., close carpeting, and include morning tea and English/Continental breakfast. To Reach us—By road: Main A268 from London. By Sea—Cross Channel Ferry to Dover. By Air—Ashford Airport.

Rye Foreign, Rye, Sussex  
Tel.: Peasmarsh 313

The Dormy House Hotel  
Proprietor: Hugh Ross Corbett

If you are lucky enough to be visiting the Cotswolds your stay will not be complete without a visit to the Dormy House. Set high on a hillside, with superb views over the Vale of Evesham are only equalled by the cuisine. At the Dormy one can either relax over a drink in one of the bars, or dine by candlelight in the restaurant or the buttery. The menu, ranging from traditional English fare to French, is changing every few weeks and the restaurant comes under the personal supervision of the owner Hugh Ross Corbett. Surrounded by an 18-hole golf course the hotel offers excellent accommodation. Each of the 26 rooms is centrally heated with bathroom en suite. The happy blend of old-world charm and modern comfort, together with superb touring country, guarantee a very memorable stay.

Willersey Hill, Broadway, Worcestershire  
Telephone: Broadway 2241

The George-in-the-Tree  
A Schooner Inn

This historic coaching inn is over 300 years old, and its unusual name was inspired by an incident when King George IV, on a hunting trip, sheltered in a nearby tree, from a sudden thunderstorm, and afterwards refreshed himself in the Inn. There are three bars, including the Bar and Billiard Room which is dominated by a huge sculptured tree, the intimate and tastefully decorated Rooster Bar and the comfortable Prince's Perch. The Bar and Bistro Restaurant and the Bistro Restaurant offer a choice of superb filled sirloin or T-bone steaks, as well as more exotic dishes such as Coq au Vin and Duck à l'Orange. Whilst the food is of the highest quality, the prices are extremely low. About a pound covers the main course, vegetables or salad, roll and butter, and a sweet or selection from the cheeseboard.

The George-in-the-Tree is situated at Balsall Common, a few miles south of Coventry, and is well worth a visit.

Kenilworth Road, Balsall Common, Berkswell, Warwickshire

The Crown  
A Schooner Inn

A 300-year-old coaching house just south of Leicester, on the A6, the Crown has recently been extensively rebuilt and now offers two bars and a pine-panelled restaurant on four split levels. The old world character has been retained in the tasteful decor of the Crown Bar, with its ancient timbers, the Old Bar and the Sirloin Restaurant, which has a coffered ceiling. The menu includes sirloin, rump and T-bone steaks, roast duckling, scallop and sole, which are each very reasonably priced at about a pound. This covers not only the main course, but also vegetables or salad, roll and butter, and a sweet or selection from the cheeseboard.

The Crown is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating and enjoyable drinking and dining venues in the Leicester area.

Great Glen, Leicester



Swiss Centre Restaurants

When in London you must visit the Swiss Centre Restaurants, 4 restaurants under one roof with 4 different menus. 364 seats open 364 days a year from 11.30 hrs-01.00 hrs (last orders midnight). You can obtain a hot meal anytime the restaurants are open. They are friendly and have a fine cellar of Swiss Wines, Spirits and Liqueurs. We are renowned for after theatre suppers at reasonable prices. Tea, coffee and Swiss Gâteaux, made in the premises, are available every afternoon. The Swiss Centre charges the prevailing Gourmet Course with a range of Swiss chocolates, meals, wines, gâteaux, cheese plus a big selection of gifts and souvenirs. It is open Monday to Friday until 20.00 hrs, Saturday 18.00 hrs.

2 New Coventry St, London, W.1  
Telephone: 01-734 1291



Le Napoleon

Le Napoleon brings a touch of Paris to Cardiff. The dark intimacy of the surroundings, the French voices of the staff, and the rewarding spectacle of the Chef and his team at work in the open kitchen would make even a Frenchman feel at home. The Chef proprietor, Edouard Hennequin, prepares each dish as it is ordered, believing each course should be a surprise. The Chef charges the prevailing Gourmet Course with a range of Swiss chocolates, meals, wines, gâteaux, cheese plus a big selection of gifts and souvenirs. The excellent menu is a creation of Monsieur Edouard, for those who enjoy good food and wish for a memorable evening out.

7/9 Oxford Arcade, Cardiff  
Telephone: Cardiff 387794

The Sussex Hotel  
Managers: Mr. and Mrs. H. Keenleyside

A small residential hotel situated in the main street of Bognor. It has a Georgian exterior tastefully modernised with comfortable bars and a restaurant seating 80, which is open to non-residents.

High Street, Bognor Regis  
Telephone: Bognor Regis 29140

Dunblane Hydro  
A Reo Stakis Hotel

Dunblane Hydro, in the heart of Perthshire—first-class bedrooms, many with private bath, spacious dining rooms, attractive bar, large indoor heated swimming pool, tennis courts, within easy reach of facilities for fishing and two of Scotland's finest golf courses. The food is interesting and varied, well cooked and served. Often referred to as Central Scotland's Entertainment Centre, the Dunblane Hydro owners, Jim McLeod and his son, Alan, are resident, and the Hydro has its own superb Discotheque complete with refreshment and cocktail bars. You can mix pleasure with business at Dunblane. The Home of Conferences for years, the Hydro accommodates 250 delegates. One hour from Edinburgh and Glasgow. Special family weekend rates available.

Dunblane, Perthshire, Scotland  
Dunblane 2551

The Normandy Hotel  
A Reo Stakis Hotel

A new 150 bedroom luxury hotel in its own landscaped grounds situated at Inchinnan Road, Renfrew, Scotland, opened in 1971 by the Reo Stakis Organisation. Only one mile from Glasgow Airport, to which there are daily scheduled flights per day from London, Manchester, Birmingham and all main airports. The Normandy, 20 minutes from Glasgow's city centre, offers the highest standards in cuisine and service. All bedrooms have private bath, television, radio, etc. and are sound-proofed—excellent in every way for the honeymooner visiting the Glasgow area. The Normandy is also an ideal base for touring Scotland being within easy reach of the gorgeous Clyde Coast, the famous Burns Country, Loch Lomond, and the Trossachs. The Normandy has two magnificent banqueting and conference suites, one for up to 700 guests.

Renfrew, Scotland  
Telephone: 041-836 4100

The Aubrey Park Hotel  
Proprietors: Mr & Mrs P. S. Garbutt

Set in seven acres of park and woodland, the hotel offers a choice of two memorable restaurants. There's the Beaumont Room, an elegant restaurant with a fine and varied cuisine, or perhaps you would prefer the recently opened Octagon Room. Here, low lighting, four-poster beds and a traditional bill of fare help to recreate the atmosphere of an Old English Inn.

A weekend away spent in one of the well-appointed motel-style rooms at Aubrey Park would give you the opportunity to try both of these fine restaurants. We look forward to welcoming you.

Rédeburn, near Hemel Hempstead, Herts (5 miles)  
St Albans, 4 miles Hemel Hempstead  
Redeburn 2105. Egon Ronay recommended. AA, RAC

The White Horse Hotel  
Managers: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Critchley

The original building was one of the oldest in Sussex and a well-known rendezvous for smugglers whose contraband was stored in large cellars beneath the roadway. Kipling lived here before he moved to Burwash, and the house in which Burne-Jones lived can still be seen.

Rottingdean Telephone: Brighton 31955

## My flight from the funny people in Old Amsterdam

IN NAIRN is not a man or sightseeing with his slow-sightseers. Here, in the first of an occasional series on European cities in winter, he describes ways of dodging the crowds in Amsterdam.

OLD CITIES recover their beauty after the summer season, which makes them ideal places to visit in the winter. Amsterdam can be an exhausting place all year round—partly because of the tourists but mainly because of business conferences and the heavy pressure of traffic. So it's where do you go to reflect tranquillity?

Not to the Rijksmuseum. It's at 10 o'clock and by 10.20 it's unattractive. As 90 per cent of the traffic is headed for Rembrandt's Night Watch it might be worthwhile to build a private gallery just for that and the steady procession of Dutch art—which people tramp through, unseeing. They don't want to have to—break the train. Yet only a handful of us visitors bother to walk a mere yards to the Stedelijk museum, with its wonderful sequence of Van Gogh rooms in which you can the sum of European styles, all in eight years, in up in the edge of a suicide with the formidable Cornfield with rows. Oasis number one.

The churches should be number two. But the Nieuw Kerk is used for restoration, so it has been for years—what are they doing there?—and the Oude Kerk is open only for conducted parties, which is not the point of the exercise. A water-coach trip will go halfway to tranquillity, and is an imperative way because it is only from the water that you can appreciate the city's structure.

Thereafter, I recommend the following: from a four-day visit which left me with a firm resolve come back in, say, late October March.

be Royal Hof. Only a few yards from Spui and Koningsstraat, yet different world altogether; a guine-village, approached rough doors in walls, where a whole nonsense dies away and can begin to think again.

the Royal Palace. It is open

one day a week (Wednesday,

10.5) but is worth any amount of jugged arrangements. Van Campen built it in 1650 as the Town Hall, and though the outside may look lumpy, the interiors have an unpolished grandeur and a spaciousness which has never been equalled in a civic building—the perfect setting for a meeting the town clerk or the tax inspector, because it makes you feel 10 feet tall.

The hotel cafés—not the bars, which are apt to be dark and crowded, though they would be very pleasant if you were not trying to escape crowds. Hotel cafés have big windows on to the street, carpets on the tables and an air of massive calm—yet you

can still see the outside world—and pay no more for beer or coffee than you would do elsewhere. The Hotel Suisse, in the Kalverstraat, makes you free of the main shopping street; the splendidly-named Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky will do the same for the hippies clustered 20-deep around the statue in the Dam.

The Stock Exchange in the Damrak, which has huge galleries

open to the public in a building by Berlage which is a strange mixture of Arts and Crafts detail and a roof with the scale of St Pancras Station: a much-needed reminder that Amsterdam is a working city, too.

Our Lord in the Attic, east of

Oude Kerk, in the middle of Oudezijds Voorburgwal, where ladies sit in windows an beckon, and only a few doors down from a fairly lurid sex museum. A full-scale Gothic church, in the roof of a tall seventeenth-century house, a product of Amsterdam tolerance which said that proscribed religions could practise as long as they weren't visible. At one time there were as many as 20 of these hidden churches, not only for Catholics; this is the last to survive.

One of them was called Moses

and Aaron and in the handsome church on the same site the Franciscans had open house hips, and anyone else in

July and August, to come and do their own things—mend clothes, make guitars, make shoes, have coffee and snacks. It may sound sanctimonious but isn't; and this is the most atmospheric part of Amsterdam. It is the old Jewish quarter, almost all destroyed in the war; now there is a flea market, and—incredibly—the superb seventeenth-century syna-

gogue of the Portuguese Jews, the prototype for Bevis Marks in the City of London: white walls, golden chandeliers, tranquillity and to spare. There is also Rembrandt's house and, hey presto crowds and incomprehension. Funny people, tourists. Oddest of all: the back of Central Station. The front is crowded Amsterdam at its very worst; pick your way through, take one of the tunnels under the rail tracks, and at the other end you have walked straight out of the city into the working port. Take the continuous free ferry across the channel and you can sit in a hot, paved cafe eat real herring at a flick dictated by numbers more than the frantic to and fro of Dutchmen on bicycles. It is an extraordinary experience, rather like falling out of central London into the East End at Aldgate into the East End at Aldgate.

Phone at any time for appropriate brochures—01-491 7434—or call at any Cooks office or ABTA travel agent.

March.

be Royal Hof. Only a few yards from Spui and Koningsstraat, yet different world altogether; a guine-village, approached rough doors in walls, where a whole nonsense dies away and can begin to think again.

the Royal Palace. It is open

one day a week (Wednesday,

10.5) but is worth any amount of jugged arrangements. Van Campen built it in 1650 as the Town Hall, and though the outside may look lumpy, the interiors have an unpolished grandeur and a spaciousness which has never been equalled in a civic building—the perfect setting for a meeting the town clerk or the tax inspector, because it makes you feel 10 feet tall.

The hotel cafés—not the bars,

which are apt to be dark and crowded, though they would be very pleasant if you were not trying to escape crowds. Hotel cafés have big windows on to the street, carpets on the tables and an air of massive calm—yet you

can still see the outside world—and pay no more for beer or coffee than you would do elsewhere. The Hotel Suisse, in the Kalverstraat, makes you free of the main shopping street; the splendidly-named Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky will do the same for the hippies clustered 20-deep around the statue in the Dam.

The Stock Exchange in the Damrak, which has huge galleries

open to the public in a building by Berlage which is a strange mixture of Arts and Crafts detail and a roof with the scale of St Pancras Station: a much-needed reminder that Amsterdam is a working city, too.

Our Lord in the Attic, east of

Oude Kerk, in the middle of Oudezijds Voorburgwal, where ladies sit in windows an beckon, and only a few doors down from a fairly lurid sex museum. A full-scale Gothic church, in the roof of a tall seventeenth-century house, a product of Amsterdam tolerance which said that proscribed religions could practise as long as they weren't visible. At one time there were as many as 20 of these hidden churches, not only for Catholics; this is the last to survive.

One of them was called Moses

and Aaron and in the handsome church on the same site the Franciscans had open house hips, and anyone else in

July and August, to come and do their own things—mend clothes, make guitars, make shoes, have coffee and snacks. It may sound sanctimonious but isn't; and this is the most atmospheric part of Amsterdam. It is the old Jewish quarter, almost all destroyed in the war; now there is a flea market, and—incredibly—the superb seventeenth-century syna-

gogue of the Portuguese Jews, the prototype for Bevis Marks in the City of London: white walls, golden chandeliers, tranquillity and to spare. There is also Rembrandt's house and, hey presto crowds and incomprehension. Funny people, tourists. Oddest of all: the back of Central Station. The front is crowded Amsterdam at its very worst; pick your way through, take one of the tunnels under the rail tracks, and at the other end you have walked straight out of the city into the working port. Take the continuous free ferry across the channel and you can sit in a hot, paved cafe eat real herring at a flick dictated by numbers more than the frantic to and fro of Dutchmen on bicycles. It is an extraordinary experience, rather like falling out of central London into the East End at Aldgate into the East End at Aldgate.

Phone at any time for appropriate brochures—01-491 7434—or call at any Cooks office or ABTA travel agent.

March.

be Royal Hof. Only a few yards from Spui and Koningsstraat, yet different world altogether; a guine-village, approached rough doors in walls, where a whole nonsense dies away and can begin to think again.

the Royal Palace. It is open

one day a week (Wednesday,

10.5) but is worth any amount of jugged arrangements. Van Campen built it in 1650 as the Town Hall, and though the outside may look lumpy, the interiors have an unpolished grandeur and a spaciousness which has never been equalled in a civic building—the perfect setting for a meeting the town clerk or the tax inspector, because it makes you feel 10 feet tall.

The hotel cafés—not the bars,

which are apt to be dark and crowded, though they would be very pleasant if you were not trying to escape crowds. Hotel cafés have big windows on to the street, carpets on the tables and an air of massive calm—yet you

can still see the outside world—and pay no more for beer or coffee than you would do elsewhere. The Hotel Suisse, in the Kalverstraat, makes you free of the main shopping street; the splendidly-named Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky will do the same for the hippies clustered 20-deep around the statue in the Dam.

The Stock Exchange in the Damrak, which has huge galleries

open to the public in a building by Berlage which is a strange mixture of Arts and Crafts detail and a roof with the scale of St Pancras Station: a much-needed reminder that Amsterdam is a working city, too.

Our Lord in the Attic, east of

Oude Kerk, in the middle of Oudezijds Voorburgwal, where ladies sit in windows an beckon, and only a few doors down from a fairly lurid sex museum. A full-scale Gothic church, in the roof of a tall seventeenth-century house, a product of Amsterdam tolerance which said that proscribed religions could practise as long as they weren't visible. At one time there were as many as 20 of these hidden churches, not only for Catholics; this is the last to survive.

One of them was called Moses

and Aaron and in the handsome church on the same site the Franciscans had open house hips, and anyone else in

July and August, to come and do their own things—mend clothes, make guitars, make shoes, have coffee and snacks. It may sound sanctimonious but isn't; and this is the most atmospheric part of Amsterdam. It is the old Jewish quarter, almost all destroyed in the war; now there is a flea market, and—incredibly—the superb seventeenth-century syna-

gogue of the Portuguese Jews, the prototype for Bevis Marks in the City of London: white walls, golden chandeliers, tranquillity and to spare. There is also Rembrandt's house and, hey presto crowds and incomprehension. Funny people, tourists. Oddest of all: the back of Central Station. The front is crowded Amsterdam at its very worst; pick your way through, take one of the tunnels under the rail tracks, and at the other end you have walked straight out of the city into the working port. Take the continuous free ferry across the channel and you can sit in a hot, paved cafe eat real herring at a flick dictated by numbers more than the frantic to and fro of Dutchmen on bicycles. It is an extraordinary experience, rather like falling out of central London into the East End at Aldgate into the East End at Aldgate.

Phone at any time for appropriate brochures—01-491 7434—or call at any Cooks office or ABTA travel agent.

March.

be Royal Hof. Only a few yards from Spui and Koningsstraat, yet different world altogether; a guine-village, approached rough doors in walls, where a whole nonsense dies away and can begin to think again.

the Royal Palace. It is open

one day a week (Wednesday,

10.5) but is worth any amount of jugged arrangements. Van Campen built it in 1650 as the Town Hall, and though the outside may look lumpy, the interiors have an unpolished grandeur and a spaciousness which has never been equalled in a civic building—the perfect setting for a meeting the town clerk or the tax inspector, because it makes you feel 10 feet tall.

The hotel cafés—not the bars,

which are apt to be dark and crowded, though they would be very pleasant if you were not trying to escape crowds. Hotel cafés have big windows on to the street, carpets on the tables and an air of massive calm—yet you

can still see the outside world—and pay no more for beer or coffee than you would do elsewhere. The Hotel Suisse, in the Kalverstraat, makes you free of the main shopping street; the splendidly-named Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky will do the same for the hippies clustered 20-deep around the statue in the Dam.

The Stock Exchange in the Damrak, which has huge galleries

open to the public in a building by Berlage which is a strange mixture of Arts and Crafts detail and a roof with the scale of St Pancras Station: a much-needed reminder that Amsterdam is a working city, too.

Our Lord in the Attic, east of

Oude Kerk, in the middle of Oudezijds Voorburgwal, where ladies sit in windows an beckon, and only a few doors down from a fairly lurid sex museum. A full-scale Gothic church, in the roof of a tall seventeenth-century house, a product of Amsterdam tolerance which said that proscribed religions could practise as long as they weren't visible. At one time there were as many as 20 of these hidden churches, not only for Catholics; this is the last to survive.

One of them was called Moses

and Aaron and in the handsome church on the same site the Franciscans had open house hips, and anyone else in

July and August, to come and do their own things—mend clothes, make guitars, make shoes, have coffee and snacks. It may sound sanctimonious but isn't; and this is the most atmospheric part of Amsterdam. It is the old Jewish quarter, almost all destroyed in the war; now there is a flea market, and—incredibly—the superb seventeenth-century syna-

gogue of the Portuguese Jews, the prototype for Bevis Marks in the City of London: white walls, golden chandeliers, tranquillity and to spare. There is also Rembrandt's house and, hey presto crowds and incomprehension. Funny people, tourists. Oddest of all: the back of Central Station. The front is crowded Amsterdam at its very worst; pick your way through, take one of the tunnels under the rail tracks, and at the other end you have walked straight out of the city into the working port. Take the continuous free ferry across the channel and you can sit in a hot, paved cafe eat real herring at a flick dictated by numbers more than the frantic to and fro of Dutchmen on bicycles. It is an extraordinary experience, rather like falling out of central London into the East End at Aldgate into the East End at Aldgate.

Phone at any time for appropriate brochures—01-491 7434—or call at any Cooks office or ABTA travel agent.

March.

be Royal Hof. Only a few yards from Spui and Koningsstraat, yet different world altogether; a guine-village, approached rough doors in walls, where a whole nonsense dies away and can begin to think again.

the Royal Palace. It is open

one day a week (Wednesday,

10.5) but is worth any amount of jugged arrangements. Van Campen built it in 1650 as the Town Hall, and though the outside may look lumpy, the interiors have an unpolished grandeur and a spaciousness which has never been equalled in a civic building—the perfect setting for a meeting the town clerk or the tax inspector, because it makes you feel 10 feet tall.

The hotel cafés—not the bars,

which are apt to be dark and crowded, though they would be very pleasant if you were not trying to escape crowds. Hotel cafés have big windows on to the street, carpets on the tables and an air of massive calm—yet you

can still see the outside world—and pay no more for beer or coffee than you would do elsewhere. The Hotel Suisse, in the Kalverstraat, makes you free of the main shopping street; the splendidly-named Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky will do the same for the hippies clustered 20-deep around the statue in the Dam.

The Stock Exchange in the Damrak, which has huge galleries

open to the public in a building by Berlage which is a strange mixture of Arts and Crafts detail and a roof with the scale of St Pancras Station: a much-needed reminder that Amsterdam is a working city, too.

Our Lord in the Attic, east of

Oude Kerk, in the middle of Oudezijds Voorburgwal, where ladies sit in windows an beckon, and only a few doors down from a fairly lurid sex museum. A full-scale Gothic church, in the roof of a tall seventeenth-century house, a product of Amsterdam tolerance which said that proscribed religions could practise as long as they weren't visible. At one time there were as many as 20 of these hidden churches, not only for Catholics; this is the last to survive.

One of them was called Moses

and Aaron and in the handsome church on the same site the Franciscans had open house hips, and anyone else in

July and August, to come and do their own things—mend clothes, make guitars, make shoes, have coffee and snacks. It may sound sanctimonious but isn't; and this is the most atmospheric part of Amsterdam. It is the old Jewish quarter, almost all destroyed in the war; now there is a flea market, and—incredibly—the superb seventeenth-century syna-

gogue of the Portuguese Jews, the prototype for Bevis Marks in the City of London: white walls, golden chandeliers, tranquillity and to spare. There is also Rembrandt's house and, hey presto crowds and incomprehension. Funny people, tourists. Oddest of all: the back of Central Station. The front is crowded Amsterdam at its very worst; pick your way through, take one of the tunnels under the rail tracks, and at the other end you have walked straight out of the city into the working port. Take the continuous free ferry across the channel and you can sit in a hot, paved cafe eat real herring at a flick dictated by numbers more than the frantic to and fro of Dutchmen on bicycles. It is an extraordinary experience, rather like falling out of central London into the East End at Aldgate into the East End at Aldgate.

Phone at any time for appropriate brochures—01-491 7434—or call at any Cooks office or ABTA travel agent.

March.

be Royal Hof. Only a few yards from Spui and Koningsstraat, yet different world altogether; a guine-village, approached rough doors in walls, where a whole nonsense dies away and can begin to think again.

the Royal Palace. It is open

one day a week (Wednesday,

10.5) but is worth any amount of jugged arrangements. Van Campen built it in 1650 as the Town Hall, and though the outside may look lumpy, the interiors have an unpolished grandeur and a spaciousness which has never been equalled in a civic building—the perfect setting for a meeting the town clerk or the tax inspector, because it makes you feel 10 feet tall.

The hotel cafés—not the bars,

which are apt to be dark and crowded, though they would be very pleasant if you were not trying to escape crowds. Hotel cafés have big windows on to the street, carpets on the tables and an air of massive calm—yet you

can still see the outside world—and pay no more for beer or coffee



# North Staffordshire POLYTECHNIC

## Full Time and Sandwich Courses

The courses listed below are open to students with GCE 'A' level or equivalent qualifications.

### Degree Courses

**Business Studies**  
**Computer Technology**  
**Computing Science**  
**Economics**  
**Industry and Trade\***  
**Accounting and Finance\*\***  
**Mathematical History\*\*\***  
**Geography\*\***  
**Sociology\*\***  
**Governments**  
**International Relations\*\***  
**Electrical Engineering**  
**Electronic Engineering**  
**Electro-Mechanical Engineering**  
**Mechanical Engineering**

### Higher National Diploma Courses

**Applied Physics**  
**Business Studies**

**Chemistry**  
**Computer Studies**  
**Electrical & Electronic Engineering**  
**Mathematics & Computing**  
**Mechanical Engineering**  
**Minerals Engineering**

### Diplomas in Art & Design

**Art**  
**Graphic Design**  
**Three-Dimensional Design**

### Other Courses

**Foundation Course in Art**  
**Graduateship of the Royal Institute of Chemistry**  
**Graduateship of the Institute of Physics**  
**A Graduate's Year**  
**As Part II Options of the External London B.Sc. (Econ.) Degree.**  
**Full details of these courses obtainable from: The Admissions Office, North Staffordshire Polytechnic, at College Road, Stoke-on-Trent, ST4 2DE, or Beaconsfield, Slough.**

## NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE POLYTECHNIC

### Faculty of Business and Management Studies

#### DEGREE COURSES:

**Business Studies**, Applied Languages, Economics, Psychology, Sociology, Mathematics, Marketing, Distribution, Consumer Aspects, Aeronautical, Transport.

For further information contact: The Registrar, Dept. ST/FM, Newcastle upon Tyne Polytechnic, Ellison Building, Ellison Place, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE1 5ST.

### Newcastle upon Tyne Polytechnic

## A POLITICAL ECONOMY

Applications invited for:  
Academic Registrar  
names Polytechnic,  
Sington St., London, SE18 6PF  
Tel.: 01-854 2030

## ROYDON TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Irfield, Croydon, CR9 1DX. (Tel.: 01-688 5271/6)  
Sc.(Econ.) Degree.

Higher National Diploma in Business Studies.

Higher National Diploma in Mechanical Engineering.

Circulars and application forms for the first two of these courses which are full-time and commence in September, may be obtained from the Head of the Department of Business Studies.

Circulars and application forms for the third course, which is the Sandwich type and commences in January, 1972, may be obtained from the Head of the Department of Mechanical Engineering.

LEARN GERMAN IN GERMANY

In the summer months, courses for young people 11 to 17 years, also courses for adults, no upper limit, work at WILTSCHÄFFEN, Krefeld, 1st Course, 1st of Aug. to 28th Sept., 1971. 2nd Course, 1st Oct. to 28th Nov., 1971. 3rd Course, 1st Dec. to 28th Feb., 1972. 4th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1972. 5th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1972. 6th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1972. 7th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1972. 8th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1972. 9th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1973. 10th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1973. 11th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1973. 12th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1973. 13th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1973. 14th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1973. 15th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1974. 16th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1974. 17th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1974. 18th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1974. 19th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1974. 20th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1974. 21st Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1975. 22nd Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1975. 23rd Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1975. 24th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1975. 25th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1975. 26th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1975. 27th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1976. 28th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1976. 29th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1976. 30th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1976. 31st Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1976. 32nd Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1976. 33rd Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1977. 34th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1977. 35th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1977. 36th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1977. 37th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1977. 38th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1977. 39th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1978. 40th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1978. 41st Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1978. 42nd Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1978. 43rd Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1978. 44th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1978. 45th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1979. 46th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1979. 47th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1979. 48th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1979. 49th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1979. 50th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1979. 51st Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1980. 52nd Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1980. 53rd Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1980. 54th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1980. 55th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1980. 56th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1980. 57th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1981. 58th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1981. 59th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1981. 60th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1981. 61st Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1981. 62nd Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1981. 63rd Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1982. 64th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1982. 65th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1982. 66th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1982. 67th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1982. 68th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1982. 69th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1983. 70th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1983. 71st Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1983. 72nd Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1983. 73rd Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1983. 74th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1983. 75th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1984. 76th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1984. 77th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1984. 78th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1984. 79th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1984. 80th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1984. 81st Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1985. 82nd Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1985. 83rd Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1985. 84th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1985. 85th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1985. 86th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1985. 87th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1986. 88th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1986. 89th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1986. 90th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1986. 91st Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1986. 92nd Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1986. 93rd Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1987. 94th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1987. 95th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1987. 96th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1987. 97th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1987. 98th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1987. 99th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1988. 100th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1988. 101st Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1988. 102nd Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1988. 103rd Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1988. 104th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1988. 105th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1989. 106th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1989. 107th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1989. 108th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1989. 109th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1989. 110th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1989. 111th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1990. 112th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1990. 113th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1990. 114th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1990. 115th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1990. 116th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1990. 117th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1991. 118th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1991. 119th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1991. 120th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1991. 121st Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1991. 122nd Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1991. 123rd Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1992. 124th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1992. 125th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1992. 126th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1992. 127th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1992. 128th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1992. 129th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1993. 130th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1993. 131st Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1993. 132nd Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1993. 133rd Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1993. 134th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1993. 135th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1994. 136th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1994. 137th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1994. 138th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1994. 139th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1994. 140th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1994. 141st Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1995. 142nd Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1995. 143rd Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1995. 144th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1995. 145th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1995. 146th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1995. 147th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1996. 148th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1996. 149th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1996. 150th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1996. 151st Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1996. 152nd Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1996. 153rd Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1997. 154th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1997. 155th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1997. 156th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1997. 157th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1997. 158th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1997. 159th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1998. 160th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1998. 161st Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1998. 162nd Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1998. 163rd Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1998. 164th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1998. 165th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 1999. 166th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 1999. 167th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 1999. 168th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 1999. 169th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 1999. 170th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 1999. 171st Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2000. 172nd Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2000. 173rd Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2000. 174th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2000. 175th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2000. 176th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2000. 177th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2001. 178th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2001. 179th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2001. 180th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2001. 181st Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2001. 182nd Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2001. 183rd Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2002. 184th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2002. 185th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2002. 186th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2002. 187th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2002. 188th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2002. 189th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2003. 190th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2003. 191st Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2003. 192nd Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2003. 193rd Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2003. 194th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2003. 195th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2004. 196th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2004. 197th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2004. 198th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2004. 199th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2004. 200th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2004. 201st Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2005. 202nd Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2005. 203rd Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2005. 204th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2005. 205th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2005. 206th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2005. 207th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2006. 208th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2006. 209th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2006. 210th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2006. 211th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2006. 212nd Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2006. 213rd Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2007. 214th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2007. 215th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2007. 216th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2007. 217th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2007. 218th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2007. 219th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2008. 220th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2008. 221th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2008. 222nd Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2008. 223rd Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2008. 224th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2008. 225th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2009. 226th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2009. 227th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2009. 228th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2009. 229th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2009. 230th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2009. 231th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2010. 232nd Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2010. 233rd Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2010. 234th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2010. 235th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2010. 236th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2010. 237th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2011. 238th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2011. 239th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2011. 240th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2011. 241th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2011. 242nd Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2011. 243rd Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 2012. 244th Course, 1st Mar. to 28th April, 2012. 245th Course, 1st May to 28th June, 2012. 246th Course, 1st July to 28th August, 2012. 247th Course, 1st Sept. to 28th October, 2012. 248th Course, 1st Nov. to 28th December, 2012. 249th Course, 1st Jan. to 28th February, 20









# Rent 25" tube Radio Rentals New Generation Colour TV

Just £24 down, No more to pay  
for 3 months, then £8 a month.  
Reducing rentals.

Minimum rental £6 a month.

**RING 01-995 2121**

Programmes and times subject to late alteration

11.30 News, Tim Nichols, weather.

11.45 Weather.

11.45 Weather.

All Vans.

11.45 Weather.

11